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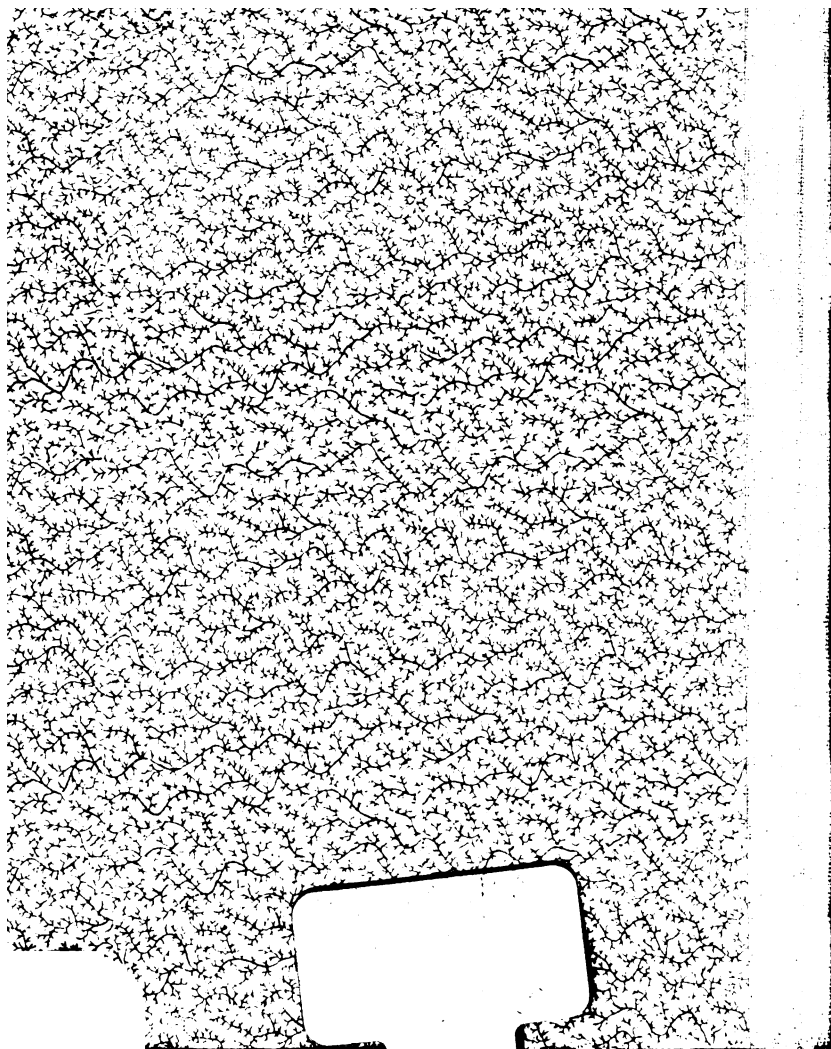
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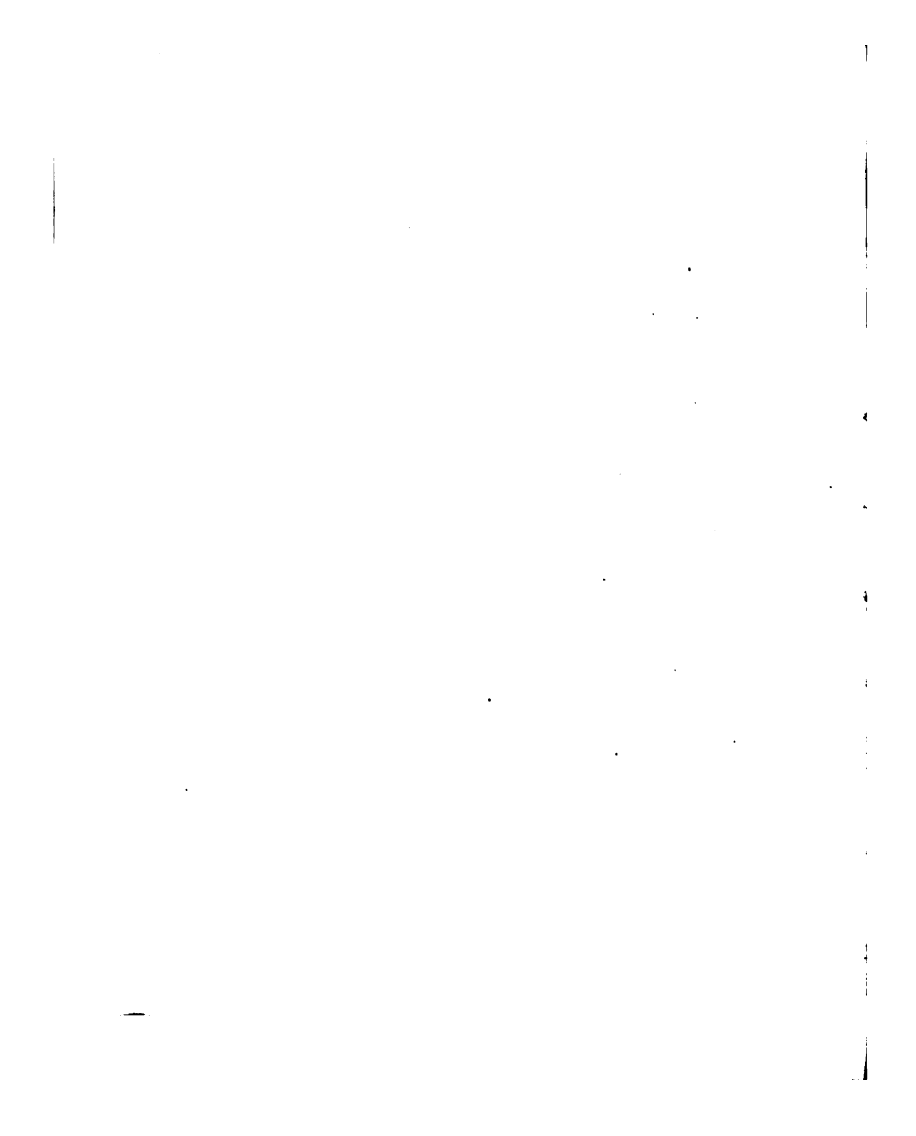
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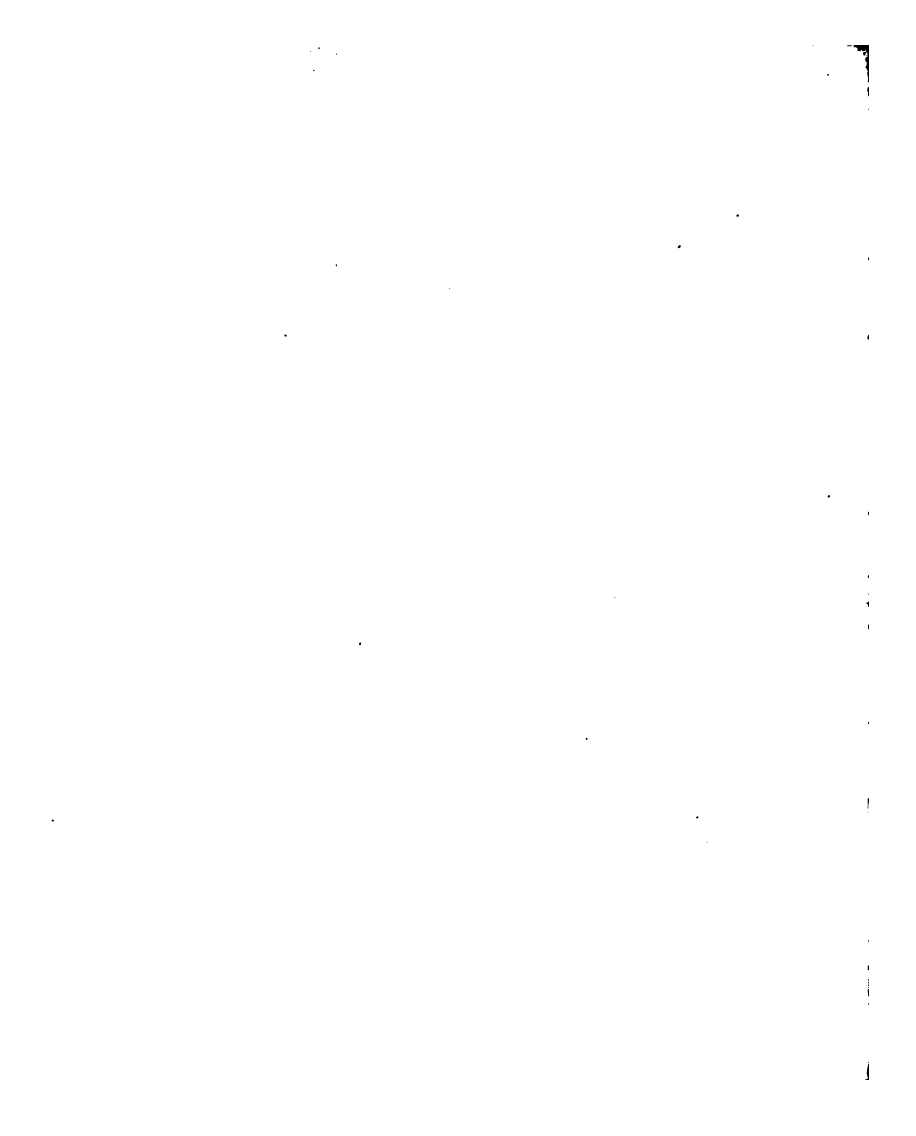


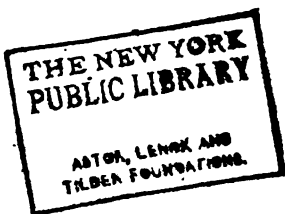
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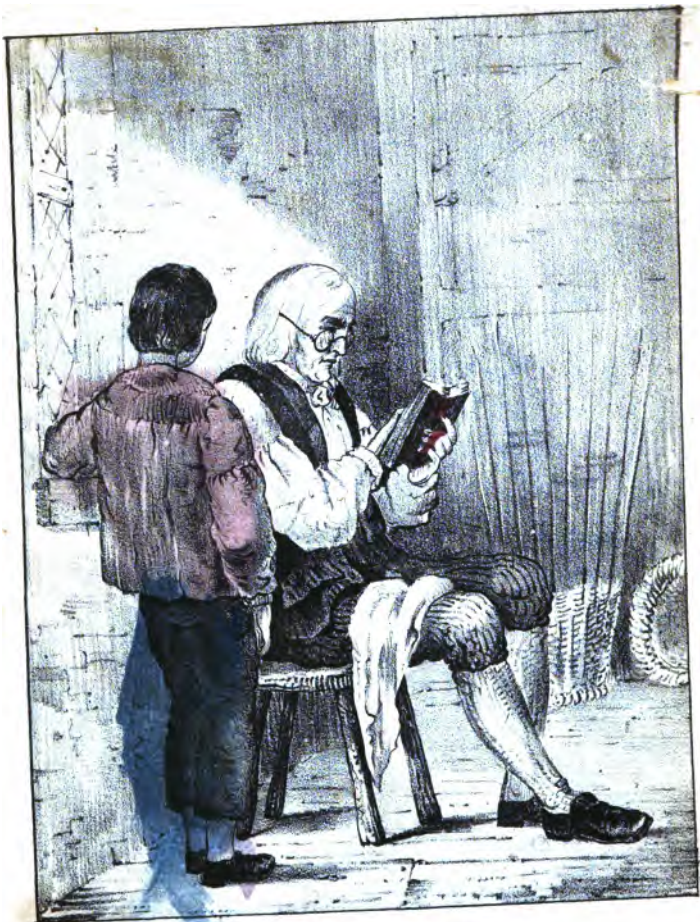


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**ASTOR, LENOX AND  
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THE BASKET MAKER.

THE  
**LITTLE BASKET-MAKER,**  
AND OTHER TALES.

A  
X  
STORY BOOK FOR HOLIDAY HOURS.



*PHILADELPHIA.*  
R. S. GEORGE, No. 26 S. FIFTH ST.

.....  
1847.

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## PREFACE.



HE simple and instructive little stories contained in this volume, are translated from the German. The author is a lady, who loves children, and has written many books for their entertainment, as well as for their improvement. In her preface, she says—

“Little children dearly love to hear or read pretty stories, and their parents like to have them do so. When the parents have time; and the child begs them to “please tell

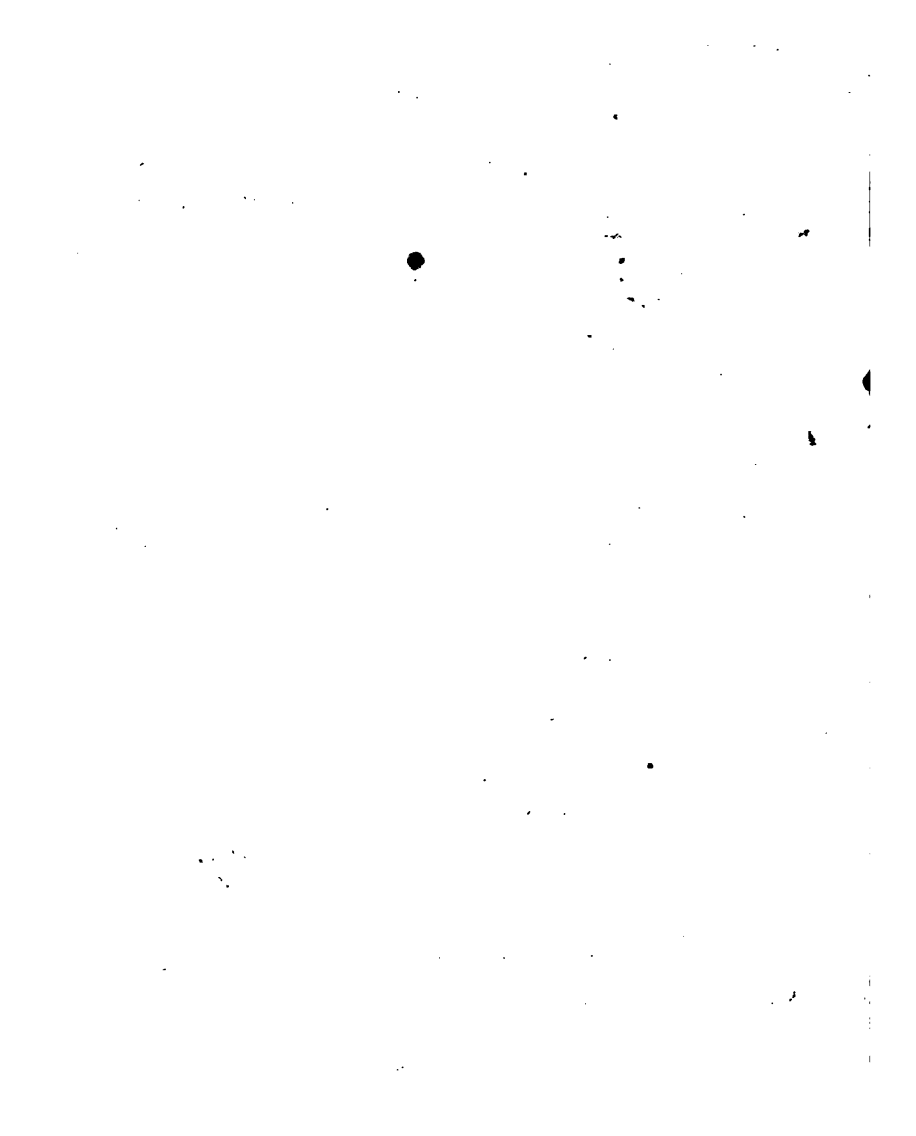
a story," they do so gladly ; but the parents cannot always have time, because they have a great many other things to do ; and then they may give the child a pretty book, with pictures, where the little stories are all in print ; and children who have learned to read can take as much pleasure in the book, as they do in hearing their father and mother tell the stories, and they read the book over and over, very often.

"Now I wish with all my heart, that I could give pleasure to such children ; and so I have written these little books, with more than forty stories in them, and I have had them printed, so that all of you may read the stories. Forty is a great many, is it not, my friends ? So many that these little books have cost me a great deal of trouble. So you will owe me something for them ; and I will tell you what you can do to pay me. Just so much as you love pretty stories, so do I love good little children ! and if you will be good, good as the best children in my stories are, then you will not only pay me, but what is

more, you will show your gratitude to the good God, who loves little children, and blesses them, giving them all pleasant things. You will make your parents, and all good people happy likewise.

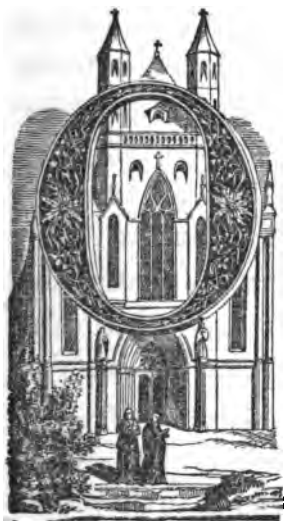
“We are happy (remember this,) and at peace with ourselves, only when we do what pleases God, and makes other people happy. Every body likes to be happy. I am sure you do, my little children.

“Read these stories, then, not only to amuse yourselves; but read them thoughtfully, that is, take pains to learn the little lesson which each one has in it. Do right, and learn how to keep watch against what is wrong; then you will be good children, and some time or other, good and happy men and women.”





## THE LITTLE BASKET-MAKER.



NE day Frances and Henry went to take a walk with their father. It was a beautiful autumn morning, and the children ran gaily on before, now and then turning back to ask him about something which they saw ; for children who yet know little, and to whom everything

in life is so new, have no end to their questions; though there may be children like the little Marmot, who are dull and sleepy the whole day through.

The path which their father took, went into a very pleasant wood called Willow Island, because it lay almost surrounded, like an island, by a beautiful lake. The air was fresh and pure, and yet not cold. The sun shone from the high unclouded sky, and red berries glittered among the green leaves of the trees, so that the children were as happy as birds.

They had hardly come into the wood when they saw, sitting in a sunny place, a little boy, thinly but neatly dressed. He had beside him

a great pile of willow branches, from which he was pulling off the bark.

“What is he going to make, Father?” asked the lively little Frances, whose bright eyes took notice of everything.

“I cannot tell you, my child,” was her father’s answer; “but we will ask the little boy himself;” and they stopped to speak to him.

“What are you going to do with these sticks, my little fellow?” said the father.

“I am going to make baskets of them, Sir. I am a basket-maker, and with my work I support my poor grandfather, who is very old and feeble.”

“Can you both live upon what you earn? Are you well paid?”

“As it happens, Sir; sometimes more, sometimes less, as the baskets sell well or ill; but we have to live upon what I earn, for both my parents are dead, and grandfather has no one but me to take care of him. Indeed we live poorly enough, though we always have potatoes and are seldom without salt. Sometimes we have butter, too, and then we think ourselves well off. But grandfather says, people should thank God for whatever they have, and not be exacting in their wishes; and I find he is right.”

“Then you feel quite satisfied?”

“Yes, that I do; I am healthy, I

have the use of my limbs, I can see the trees bud out in the spring, and can breathe in the scent of the wild-flowers, and warm myself in the golden rays of the sun. What could I wish for more? Besides, grandfather is so kind and so good! O! I have a happy life."

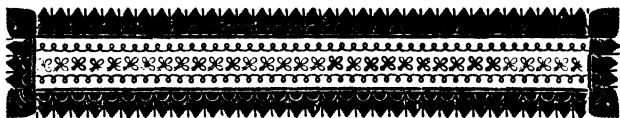
"What a happy little fellow you are, to be sure!" said the father, as he felt in his pocket, and taking out a piece of money, said, "There, carry that to your good grandfather, my boy."

The child was so surprised at the present, that he blushed with pleasure, and could hardly say, "Thank you, Sir." Our little party then went

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on their way, leaving the Basket-maker in the wood.





## THE VISIT TO THE COTTAGE



INTER was gone, and Spring, nature's gayest time, had come again. O, how delighted Henry and Frances were at her coming, and with what joy they greeted her! They had not yet forgotten the cheerful

Little Basket-maker, who had made such a pleasant impression upon them ; and, one morning, when their father was going to walk with them, they both begged at once, " Dear Father, let us go to Willow Island, and find, if we can, where the Little Basket-maker lives."

Their father was very willing, but he did not know the true reason why the children wanted to go to this house. All winter they had saved the pence which had been given them for pocket-money, and could think of no pleasanter way of spending them, than to give them to the little Basket-maker.

So they went to Willow Island,

and after they had walked through the wood awhile, they found a very small cottage with a garden round it.

“This must be our Little Basket-maker’s home,” said the father, and so it was.

As soon as they came near to it, they heard music, which sounded solemnly, and they could distinguish the voices of a man and a child singing.

“They must be engaged in their devotions, we will not disturb them,” said the father.

They listened, and heard the following:—

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## THE VISIT TO THE COTTAGE.

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky ;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die !

Sweet rose, in air whose odors wave,  
And color charms the eye ;  
Thy root is ever in the grave,  
And thou must die !

Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,  
Whose charms for beauty vie,  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,  
For thou must die !

Only a sweet and holy soul,  
Hath tints that never fly ;  
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,  
It cannot die.

As they stood waiting before the  
open door, they saw the venerable

old man, with snow white hair, which fell smoothly down upon his shoulders. He had spectacles on his nose, and a hymn book in his hand. His grandson, our Little Basket-maker, looked over it with him, and both sang the hymn.

As they left off singing, the father and children stepped into the cottage. The boy knew them at once, and blushed with joy again.

“Oh, grandfather, here they are!” cried he, delighted; and running forward to meet them, offered his hand. The old man rose, and spoke of his gratitude for the present which had been sent to him the autumn before.

How neat and orderly was every-

thing in this poor cottage ! The boy took Henry and Frances into his basket-room, where he worked ; and there were the new prettily shaped baskets, tied together in bundles, each size by itself. Some were only half made, and the children saw how nicely the slender willow branches could be bent and woven in, and how the strong round rim and upright handle were fastened tightly on.

They longed to make baskets themselves, it seemed to be such pleasant work. The little boy would not rest till he had given them two of the finest and best. At first he was quite unwilling to take their money in return.

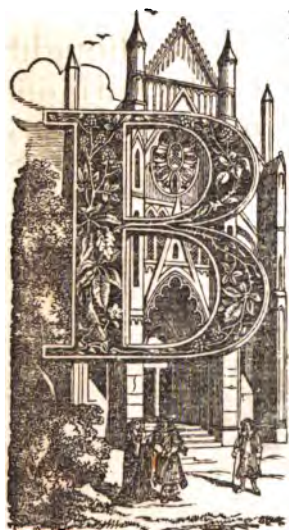
Meanwhile the father had been talking with the old man, who pleased him so much, that on parting, he promised to call often and look after his little comforts.

Frances and Henry often thought of their pleasant visit to the cottage, and the happy Little Basket-maker, with his pretty baskets.





## THE POOR OLD MAN.



difference.

ERTHA had often heard her mother say that if young people felt rightly, they would be kind to the old. They would be courteous, helpful, and respectful to them; no matter whether they were rich or poor, for that made no

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**THE BLIND BEGGAR .**

Bertha did not let this remark of her mother go in at one ear and out at another ; but she thought about it, and felt it.

Once, in the middle of summer's day, when the thirsty earth had been refreshed by a cooling thunder-shower, and little Bertha was playing at the garden-gate with some of her little friends, she saw a poor feeble old man tottering through the field with his staff.

He came nearer, but when he reached the brook, which was several feet wide, and quite full with the rain, he stopped. He had not strength to leap over, for old age is feeble : so he stood still not knowing what to

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do. Bertha saw his trouble, and said to her playmates, "Wait a minute, I must go and help that poor old man."

"That man?" said Maria, "why, that's an old beggar, Bertha."

"No matter," replied she, and ran off; but soon she came back, dragging a great board by one end, just as much as she could pull along. She had taken it from the yard, and meant to lay it over the brook to make a bridge for the old man.

"Now help me a little," said she to the others; but no one stirred. Instead of helping her, they laughed at the trouble she was taking "for an old beggar." But Bertha was not

disturbed by it. She used all her strength to get the board over the brook, and at last it rested on the other side ; for that is the way to succeed, to do one's best:

Now give me your hand, Sir," said the good child to the old man, " that I may lead you over, for the rain has made the board slippery, and you might fall."

The old man was so affected by the little girl's kindness, that he could hardly thank her ; but when he had passed safely over, holding by Bertha's hand, a tear rolled down his cheek, and he said,

" God bless you, my dear good girl, and grant that you may be ho-

nored in your old age as you have honored mine.”

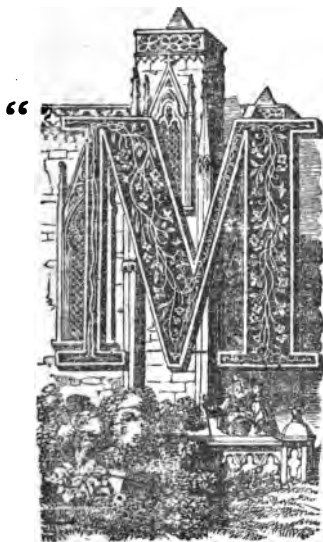
Then he looked kindly on her, and went his way.

Bertha was very happy that day ; for so we always are when we do any good service to those who need our aid ; and her mother, who had seen the whole from the window rejoiced in her good child.





## THE RIDDLE.



“INNA,” said Ferdinand, her elder brother, “guess what little house it is I am thinking about, and you shall have the whole mountain that surrounds it for your own.”

“A little house inside of a moun-

tain—and I may have the mountain for my own ?” asked Minna, wondering.

“ Yes ; the mountain is as yellow as gold, and tastes deliciously, and inside of it is a house which has very delicate walls, as thin and transparent as a sheet of the finest letter paper,” said Ferdinand, laughing ; “ and in the house, Minna, are six or eight little dark brown people, always sitting up straight, without stirring or making any noise. But they feed themselves, and grow larger and stronger, and so does the mountain, which shuts them in so closely that the air can scarcely get inside.”

“You are a plague,” said Minna, a little vexed; “you want to make a fool of me with your paper house, and your little dark-brown people.”

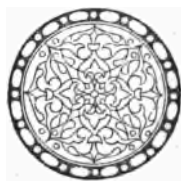
“No, indeed,” said Ferdinand. “Now think, dear little sister, think; it is well worth the trouble; and you can have nothing worth having without some pains,” With these words he threw something on to the table, which looked so very bright and golden yellow, that it made Minna’s mouth water. And now her quick little wits guessed the riddle.

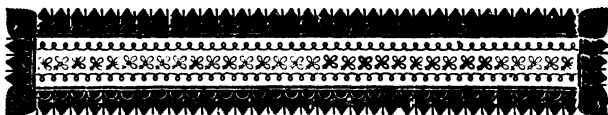
“Oh!” said she, “I know, I know now, brother Ferdinand. The mountain is an apple, the little house is the apple-core, and the brown people

are the seeds. Have I guessed rightly, Ferdinand?"

"Yes you are right ;" said he, as he gave his sister a kiss and a hug for her quick little wits, and put the apple into her hand, because she had found out the riddle.

Minna had great pleasure in eating the apple, because as she ate it, she noticed the little house more carefully than she had ever done before, and saw how nicely it was built in all its parts.





## THE YOUNG SWALLOW.



LIKE other children,  
Frank loved all lit-  
tle animals ; but he  
loved birds most,  
for a bird is altoge-  
ther a lovely crea-  
ture ; and I my-  
self feel very glad  
when a pretty bird,  
with its golden-yel-  
low feathers, stands  
on my window-sill, in the clear

sun-shine, and sings to me while I work.

Now Frank's father and mother wanted to make him very happy, and on his birth-day, among other pretty presents, they gave him a canary-bird. The little creature was so tame that it would pick the seed and sugar out of Frank's hand, with its dainty little bill, and when it had eaten enough, would sing its little song to him, for thanks. No wonder Frank loved his golden-yellow pet, and took the very best care of it.

One summer morning, while it was quite early, Frank went into the garden to look at his strawberries; for his mother had given him in the

autumn some strawberry-vines to make a little bed in his garden, and now the fruit was beginning to swell and look beautiful scarlet-red. He had just stepped through the garden-gate, and was going to run down the broad steps with flying feet, when he heard a little way from the house, a kind of fluttering, and at the same time a loud "Chip! chip! chip!" He ran to the place, and found in the grass a young swallow, which was only half fledged. It was beating about with its wings, and screaming quite loud, as if it were frightened. Who could be more glad than Frank to see this? He stooped softly down, gently caught the little swallow in

his hands, and, half crazy with joy, carried it to his parents, and told them, with sparkling eyes, what good luck he had met with.

“The poor little thing must have fallen out of the nest which that tame pair of swallows have built under the eaves of our house,” said the father. “If you want to save its life, dear Frank, you must ask the gardener to bring the great ladder, and carry the little bird to its home again.”

“Oh! I’ll take care of it myself, and feed it as I do my Canary,” said Frank. “Do let me, it will please me so much, dear father.”

“It would die, my boy,” said his father. “Swallows are birds which

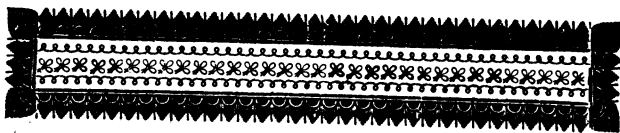
feed upon insects, such as flies and gnats ; so they cannot be reared by hand, as some other birds can. If you wish to save the poor creature's life, you will follow my advice, and carry it back to its nest."

But little Frank did not take his father's advice. He had fixed his heart upon having two birds in his cage ; and, instead of asking the gardener to put the young swallow back into the nest, he wrapped it up carefully in white cotton-wool, and picking its little beak open, he tucked into it, from time to time, the flies which he caught. All went on very well that day, and the swallow was still alive when Frank went to look

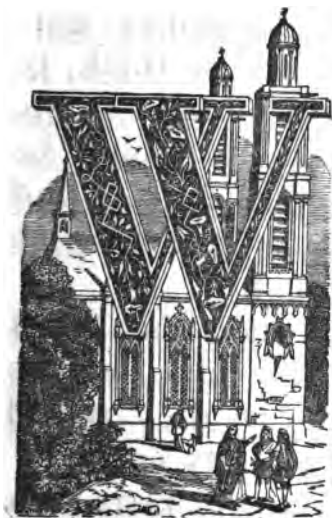
at it before going to bed : but the next morning it lay cold and dead, with its little legs stretched far out.

What bitter tears did Frank shed then ! Too late, he wished he had taken his father's good and kind advice.





## THE APPLE FLOWERS.



INTER was over. Out of doors there was no frost, and no snow on the ground, and no more great heaps of ice floating down the river. The sky was blue and high, with only pretty little white clouds, like flocks

of lambs ; no large black ones, such as bring rain and hail.

The trees, which had been standing bare so long, with their dark branches looking like great roots, were already beginning to put on their beautiful green summer garments,—which were not so thick, to be sure, as they would be later in the hot summer, when shade would be wanted ; but much more delicate and charming, for you could see the blue sky glimmering through.

The ground was like the softest green velvet, and the blue voilets came peeping up, as if they would ask, “has the spring really come ?”

In the garden flower-beds, the

proud, many colored tulips made a beautiful show ; and there was the sweet-smelling, white-powdered auricula, and the snow-white narcissus, with its little pink-rimmed cup ; and the striped crocuses, too.

Little Mary had not been out in the free air very often during the long winter, for she had not been well ; but when the spring came, she begged her mother to let her run in the garden once more, and pick a little bunch of flowers : for Mary, like most other children, loved flowers dearly.

Who was so happy as she ? Like a little bird, let out of its cage, she hopped along before her mother,

singing and glad. First she bent down to a blue violet, then to an auricula, and then to a crocus, as if she were going to pick them ; but she did not go near the great tulips, which were swinging about on their long stems in the sunshine ; for Mary was a considerate child, and did not always want to take the best for herself. She knew, too, that her mother took very great pleasure in seeing the many-striped tulips, blooming in their beds, and Mary was too good a child to spoil her mother's pleasure. But the mother, who saw how Mary looked at the pretty tulips, and knew her little girl would like dearly to have one for her bouquet,

smiled quietly, and picked three of the prettiest for the good child. Who was happier than Mary then?

Soon Mary stood quite still with wonder before a little tree which had only a very few leaves upon it, but was covered all over with red and white flowers.

“Oh, mother,” shouted Mary, so delighted that she could think of nothing more to say; it was such a beautiful sight.

“Is not that a pretty tree?” said Mary’s mother.

“Oh very pretty! Mother, you will give me one or two of the flowers for my bunch? Do, there are so many.”

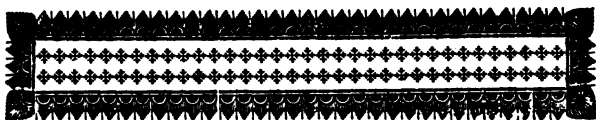
“Not yet,” replied her mother ;  
“they are apple-blossoms ; we will look at them, but we will not pick them, for they will bear a beautiful, pleasant fruit, which you shall taste, if you can give up your wish for the flowers.”

Mary did not tease for the apple-blossoms any more, though she did wish her mother had given her one ; but when the autumn came, she stood again, full of joy, before the apple-tree, which hung full of beautiful yellow, red-cheeked apples, and looked as prettily in the clear sunshine, as it did with its flowers in the spring. Her mother came to her, and glad to see Mary's pleasure, she took one

of the finest apples from a bough, and put it into Mary's hands, saying, "There, Mary, dear; you have your reward for giving up your wish last spring. Had you picked the pretty flower, you could not have had the bright sweet fruit."

O how sweetly that apple tasted to little Mary, for she had earned it by her first self-denial.






## THE BIRD'S NEST.



carefully, that

HERE was a thick hawthorn hedge all round Alfred's little garden; and one morning he saw a little bird flying in and out so busily, that he wondered what it could mean. So he bent the hedge-branches aside, very he might not prick

his fingers with the thorns, and put his little head into the opening to look among the leaves. Oh ! there was the very prettiest sight ! Five or six young birds in a tiny round nest, built of little roots and dry grass, and lined with the softest feathers and wool. When the birds heard the noise which Alfred made, brushing the branches away, they all stretched their little yellow mouths wide open, thinking their mother had come again to feed them. Alfred had never seen anything so charming as this bird's nest ; and he was just putting out one hand to take it away, when he thought of his friend Frank, and the poor young swallow

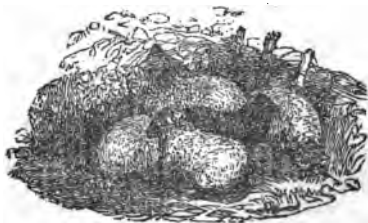


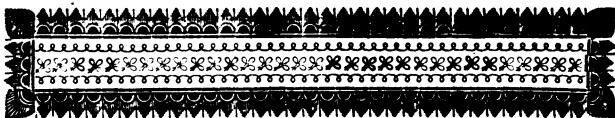
that fell out of its nest and died, because Frank did not give it back to its mother.

“No, you dear, pretty little things,” said the kind boy, as he pulled back his hand ; “No, I will not make you die ; I will not take you away from your mother, who loves you just as well as my mother loves me. How should I grieve and cry, if some strange man should steal me away, and carry me off where I should perhaps die of hunger or fright ?”

So Alfred left the little birds in their quiet pretty home. But he could not help standing quite still, a little way off, to see how the old birds came by turns, to feed their young.

This was a good pleasure ; but it would have been a bad pleasure if he had taken the nest away from the old birds, making the little ones starve, perhaps ; for only bad people take pleasure in what makes others unhappy. When the little birds were all fledged—that is, when they could fly—they were glad to stay in the garden, where no one had troubled them ; and they often made Alfred very happy with their songs.





## THE LETTER.



OPHIA liked play better than study. Her greatest delight was to run about in the garden, putting her little nose into all the flowers, picking the gooseberries, and currants, and strawberries, and making wreaths of the beautiful wild-

flowers ; and more than once she was seen riding on a stick, and running races with her little brother Henry. And yet Sophia was eight years old. So the reading-lessons went on rather slowly ; and she had to spell each word in this way : f-a-t-h, fath, e-r, er, father ; m-o-t-h, moth, e-r, er, mother ; b-r-o-t-h, broth, e-r, er, brother.

You know one cannot have learned a great deal when one has to read in that way. At eight years of age, it was quite time that Sophia should be learning to write ; but, oh dear ! what letters she made ! In fact they were not letters at all,—but only crooked black scratches.

Sophia was quite perfect in the art of making blots of all shapes. Round or square, large or small, they were to be seen on every page of her writing-books ; and her little fingers looked as if they belonged to the most literary person in the world ; for the greatest part of the ink she used was to be found upon them. Sometimes her clothes had a very learned look too, she gave them such spatterings of ink.

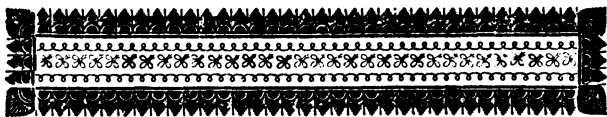
Her mother, who was much troubled by Sophia's great wildness and want of industry, often talked to her about it ; but all to no purpose.

One day, there came from Paris, where Sophia's Aunt had lived a great

many years, a large, heavy, closely-packed box, with a letter on which Sophia's name was written.

“ Well,” said the mother, “ this is a pity. Your good aunt thinks that by this time you can certainly read and write, so she has written a letter to you. No doubt there are some very pretty presents for you in the box, but you must not expect to see them until you can read well, and are able to write to your aunt yourself, and answer her letter.”

Sophia cried, teased, promised to do better, and was in perfect despair at the idea of not having the present which her aunt had sent her ; but her mother was firm : and the let-



## ANOTHER RIDDLE.



ICHARD, though he was not quite seven years old, could read very well; and one day he read this little riddle to his sisters :—

“ A lady weaveth at her loom,  
Hour after hour :  
With thread so very clear and fine,  
The web is like a flower.

Sometimes the lace she weaveth  
Sparkles with diamonds bright ;  
Sometimes 'tis covered over  
With tiny pearls, so white.

And though she weaves so tastefully,  
She is a murderess too,  
Who is the lady weaver ?  
Can you tell me, children, who ?”

“Now can you guess what it is ?”  
asked Richard, shutting up his book,  
in which the answer was printed  
right under the riddle.

The little girls thought and  
guessed again and again, without  
being once right, till at last they  
begged Richard to tell them. That  
he would not do ; but said—

“She who guesses rightly shall  
have the pretty little picture which—

I brought from uncle's yesterday; but if no one finds out the answer to the riddle before dinner, then each of you must give me something for a present. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, yes," they all cried; and Richard put away his book in the library. Little Annie, Robert's youngest sister, wanted the picture more than any of them did; so she puzzled her little head greatly, but all to no purpose; she could think of nothing. Then she felt quite discouraged and went out into the garden. It had been raining a little, but the sun was shining once more. and the birds sang sweetly in the cool trees, thanking God for the

beautiful shower which had made all nature so bright. Annie was rejoiced by the fresh air and the clear sky, and ran merrily up and down the garden. Suddenly she stopped, laughed out loud, threw up her little hands, and shouted, "I know it! I know it! I know what the riddle means!"

What was it then that made her so suddenly wise? A spider-web, in the middle of which sat the lady-weaver, waiting for prey. And that was the answer to Richard's riddle. He had called the spider a murderess, because she makes her web on purpose to catch flies, gnats, and other insects for her food.

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Annie, delighted with her good fortune, ran to Richard, and told him what the riddle meant, gave him, for joy, a hearty kiss, and had the pretty picture for her own.





## THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY.



OTHER," said little Frank, one bright summer morning, as he was sitting in the cool shade, and feeding his tame hens with corn out of his hand ; " mother, what are those spotted things, white and

gray, or a little red, which are moving over our heads ?”

“ They are clouds, dear.”

“ What are clouds, mother, and why are they up there ? I think the sky would be much prettier if it were all blue and the clouds did not come to hide it.”

“ The clouds, dear, are very necessary. Without them we should have no rain.”

“ Why do we want rain, mother ? I like it a great deal better when the sun shines, than when it rains.”

“ Must not you drink, Frank, when you are thirsty, and would not you faint if I were never to allow you ?” said his mother.

“Yes, certainly ; oh, it is very bad to be thirsty. But have plants any mouths ?” asked Frank. “I could not drink if I had no mouth.”

“A plant has a great many mouths, dear ; but you cannot see them with your naked eye, because they are so small. They drink in the rain through their leaves, and still more through their roots, which are made on purpose to suck in the moisture. Go to the kitchen and get a tumbler of water, and I will show you with this plant, which is hanging its head from thirst. You shall see how it will drink and be refreshed.”

Frank went to the kitchen, and soon came back with a tumbler full

of water ; and his mother poured it over the plant, that had been half dried up in the hot sunshine.

In a very few minutes Frank saw the plant raise its head again, and stand up quite fresh and bright, as if it were very happy. This pleased him very much, and his mother said. "You see, my little boy, that the plant can drink as well as you. God, who is wise and kind, will not let his earth, and what is upon it, faint. He has made the clouds to bring rain, to give the fields drink. It will not be unpleasant to you, now, to see them in the sky sometimes, though they do cover the beautiful blue."

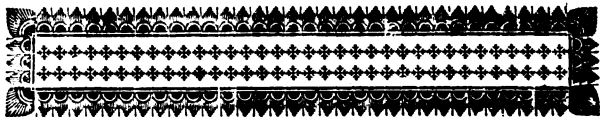
"Oh no ! I will rather thank God

for making the clouds ; for the earth would not look so beautiful, if all the plants were to fade.”

“And where should we get our food, if there were no corn, nor fruit, nor any grass for our sheep and cows, and the creatures that are food for us ?” asked his mother.

Frank now saw the clouds with quite different thoughts ; and when the days were hot, and the earth dry, he would pray that God would send some, clouds, that all the plants might not fade away with thirst.





## THE WASHED DOLL.



**REMEMBER** one other story, about my own childhood. Shall I tell it to you?

My aunt, who lived in Paris, gave me a beautiful doll for a Christmas present, but I only dared to play with it on holi-



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days, for she was very nicely dressed, and made of wax : and you know, wax dolls are more easily broken than any dolls in the world.

“ Amy,” said my good mother, always, as she took the charming doll out of the closet ; “ carry your baby about very quietly ; don’t hurt her, or let her fall, for if you do, all your pleasure will be spoiled.” And I listened to her warning ; so that my doll’s beauty lasted a long while.

It was doomed to fade, though ; for one morning when my mother, with great care, was washing me, and combing out my long hair, all wet with cold water, so that it fell in great heavy curls down on my

shoulders, it popped into my head that I would try the same experiment with Fanny.

A little playmate, who often frolicked with me, came in, and thought my plan a fine one ; “ for,” said she, “ Fanny has not been washed for so long a time, I am sure she must be very dirty.”

So we went with poor Fanny to the large wash-tub ; I took one corner of my apron for a sponge, and I washed her till I rubbed all the color out of her cheeks, her red lips, and her pretty dark eye-brows, in my zeal ; then I dipped her bright curling hair in the tub, and combed it out just like my own.

But oh, how Fanny looked. It frightens me now, when I think of it. "She is dead ! she is dead !" said I, crying, as I looked at her white face, with the wet hair hanging over it in long strings.

"Oh, we can dry her, and bring her to life again," said little Annie. "Come, there's a good fire in the kitchen, and nobody there." This comforted me ; my anxiety for Fanny was all gone ; we ran into the kitchen, and laid the poor wet thing close to the fire, which was blazing up high and bright : but, oh dear ! the heat melted first Fanny's nose, then her cheeks, and then her lips, all away, till at last there was no-

thing left but her body, which was made of linen stuffed with bran, and the hair wig which they had put on her head at Paris.

“Oh, my poor Fanny ! Did you ever have such sad times, children, when you were very little ?”



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CHARITY.



## THE VALUE OF MONEY.



**ILLIE** and Joanna had never had any money of their own, and had never thought so much about it; for their father and mother always gave them everything they required. But one time, their uncle, who was a rich old

man, made a long visit at their house, and when he went away, he gave each of them a piece of gold for a parting gift, saying, "You can buy something with that, dear children."

Joanna and Willie knew that gold was used for buying things, but how much could be bought with such a piece as their uncle had given them, they did not know at all. So they made their little plans about using it.

Willie said, "Do you know, Joanna, I mean to buy a great brown horse, with a saddle, bridle, and stirrups, just like uncle's that he rode away with?"

"And I," said Joanna, looking

very happy, "I will buy a gold watch, with a chain and key, such as father gave to mother as a Christmas present ; a real watch, that goes tick ! tick ! tick ! Will not that be nice ?"

"Charming ; but my brown horse will be good, too, wont he, sister ? You shall have him to ride upon, whenever you like."

"Oh, that I shall like as well as you, Willie ; and once in awhile, if you are so kind as to let me ride on your horse, I will let you carry my watch in your pocket ; only you must not break it, Willie."

"No indeed," said he ; and away they ran to their father and mother,

with their plan for spending their uncle's present. But how disappointed they were, when their father told Willie that it would take a hundred such pieces of gold as his to buy a horse, and their mother explained to Joanna, that a gold watch and chain would cost nearly as much as the horse that Willie wanted.

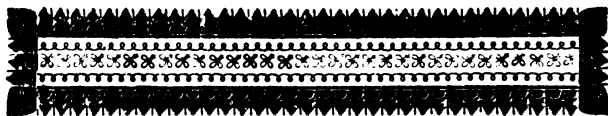
As the children left the room, talking about their disappointment, they saw standing at the gate, a poor pale looking woman, who seemed sick and hungry, and looked earnestly at them, as if she would ask them to pity her. Willie and Joanna looked at each other a minute, and then opened the gate; and Joanna, show-

ing her money to the poor woman, asked, "How much bread will this buy for you, ma'am?"

"Oh, enough for a whole week, for me and my children," cried she, with tears in her eyes, as she looked at the money.

"Please to take it, and buy bread for your children, then," said Joanna.

"And take mine, too," said Willie. Great bright tears ran down the poor woman's cheeks, as she received the money; and she could hardly speak for joy, as she thanked the children for their kindness. They had now learned the Value of Money.



## NAUGHTY DIANA.



MMA'S dog, Diana, was a beautiful and gentle little animal, it had a black, glossy coat, yellow feet, and a white breast, and over its eyes a round yellow spot, which made her very pretty. Its body was slim, and well-shaped its feet were small and delicate ; it car-

ried its tail nicely curled up, or stretched it out proudly; and its beautiful long ears gave its face quite a venerable appearance.

Emma loved Diana dearly; and the gentle little dog would let her trifle and play with it as much as she wished. Indeed, when Emma had a lesson to learn, or wanted to write her exercises, Diana would take the liberty to pull her frock, or bite her shoe, in order to entice her to play. And this trick frequently succeeded, for Emma was a lively, playful girl, and too easily tempted to leave her lessons.

One morning, when Emma was getting up, Diana did not as usual,

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make her morning visit, scratching at the door, and letting her know, by a gentle whining, that she had come. Emma asked where Diana was ; but no one could tell anything about her ; and as soon as she was dressed, she ran first to the corner of the passage where Diana's basket stood, and, oh joy and wonder ! there lay not only the little creature herself, so lively and happy, but also two other little Dianas, so little and delicate that Emma's heart beat quickly, and she jumped for joy. " Oh, how very pretty," cried the little girl, while she reached out her hand towards one of the new-comers ; not meaning to hurt it, but to stroke and pat it ;

but, oh dear! Emma met with a rough reception. Diana, once so good and gentle, now snarled, and not only showed its teeth, but bit Emma's finger, and made it bleed, and she ran away crying. Her mother heard the noise, and came out of her chamber, quite frightened, to ask what was the matter.

“Oh, the naughty, ugly, Diana,” cried Emma; and held the bleeding finger up to her mother. “I did nothing to her, nothing at all; I only wanted to stroke one of the little ones very softly and gently, Mother: I am sure I would not have hurt it; and she snarled angrily

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at me. See how the ugly creature has bitten me !”

“Say, rather, the ignorant creature, Emma,” said her mother, as she bathed her bleeding finger in cold water ; “for Diana bit you only through ignorance, and to protect her children, whom she loves just as I love you, she thought you were going to hurt them, when you had the kindest feelings in the world.”

“Certainly I meant to be kind,” said Emma.

“Then call Diana an ignorant little dog,” said the mother, “and do not blame her ; for we cannot expect animals to know always what

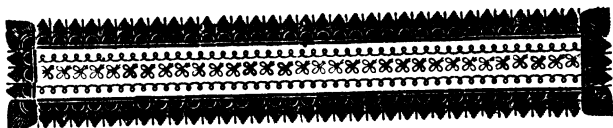
we mean to do to them ; but what should you call a little girl who did so ?”

“ An ignorant little girl of course,” said Emma, quickly.

“ Then take care not to receive unkindly what is done from a right feeling in others.”

Afterwards, when Diana’s puppies had grown up, Emma and her little dog were as good friends as ever.





## THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.



HE children were playing in the garden, when they heard a strange, ringing sort of a noise in the hall, and ran to find out what it was.

When they went in they saw a little boy, about twelve years old, standing

there, with a very large box, in which they could see (for it was open in front) a number of the prettiest little figures, dancing to the music, which sounded something like a harp when the boy turned a handle at the side.

To the sound of this music, little figures — officers, soldiers, ladies, market-women, country-girls, farmers, and shephards, all danced, keeping as good time as if they really heard the tune. It was a very pretty sight !

But the little boy did not speak a word. He only looked at the children very earnestly, as if he would say, “Do give me something for all the pleasure I am giving you.” They

understood this look, and they ran to their father, for they had no money of their own, and he gave them a silver coin, which they put into the boy's hand, he thanked them, by making a little bow.

"I believe the poor boy is dumb," said Maurice, in a tone of pity, "else he would speak, to thank us. Little boy are you dumb?"

"Me no understand," said the boy, and shook his head.

"Ah! he is a stranger; perhaps a little French boy. How I wish I knew French; then I could talk with him, and ask him why he has come so far from home."

Just then their mother came in.

She understood several foreign languages, and thought the boy was a Savoyard; so she spoke to him in Italian. When the poor boy heard his own language, he was very happy, and answered all her questions.

He was from the country of Savoy, which is a part of Italy, and though he was so young, he had not only to support himself in a strange land, the language of which he did not understand, but he must lay by his spare money for his poor parents, whom he assisted in providing for their large family, by travelling about the country on foot, with the heavy box on his back. When the mother asked him who made his pretty

dancing figures, he answered that he had made them himself.

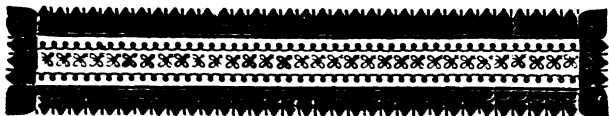
The mother related all this to the children, and told them to think how easy their life was in comparison with this poor boy's, who had to earn his bread in a strange land, and suffer many hardships; and how diligent they ought to be to use all the advantages which they enjoyed, of being useful to themselves and to others, when this poor boy could do so much. The children understood this, and thanked God for their happy home, and all their many pleasures.

Then their mother made the little Savoyard stop playing, and gave him

something to eat and drink, and looked for some clothes which the children had done wearing. She gave him a new pair of shoes, too, for his own were all worn out, so that his toes peeped through.

How happy the little boy was then! He blessed the good *Madonna*, as he called her, a thousand times, and it made the children very glad to see him so happy.





## THE LITTLE MARMOT.



**A R M O T S** are droll little creatures. There are plenty of them in the mountains of Switzerland and Italy. They are as large as half-grown cats, and of a pretty brown color.

Sometimes the poor little Savoyards come from their na-

tive country, bringing Marmots with them, which dance to the sound of a pipe and tabor, as they have been taught ; and people who are pleased to see it, give the little boys some money.

Marmots not only lie all the winter long in their holes, stupid and asleep, which is called taking their winter nap, but all the year round they are apt to be heavy and sleepy.

It was on this account that Alfred was called a little Marmot ; because he seemed as if he could never get sleep enough. While, in the evenings, his sisters were playing merrily, he was nodding his head ; and to get him out of bed in the morning was

such a hard piece of work ! If he was shaken ten times, he would go to sleep again. When, in the summer, it was so warm, that other children liked to go in the shade, then this little Marmot of an Alfred would stretch himself on the soft smooth turf, and sleep ; indeed I believe he could even have gone to sleep while he was walking.

Were they not right to call him a little Marmot ?

Once, in summer-time, they were going to start early in the morning, to take a ride, and Alfred's mother said to him, the evening before, " Do try and get up in the morning when

the others do, Alfred, for we cannot wait long for you."

"Yes, if they will only wake me properly," said Alfred, gaping, as he usually did, all day long.

The next morning his sisters awoke him a dozen times, but Alfred was not to be roused. At length the carriage came, and his father called the children. They spoke to Alfred again more earnestly than ever, but he did not stir. At last they had to go and leave the little Marmot to his fate.

When they came home in the evening, the servants said Alfred had slept till bright noonday; then

he came down and asked for the carriage but it had gone far away over the hills long before, and his sisters were enjoying themselves greatly in the beautiful green woods through which the road went, while Alfred sat sorrowful, and yawning in the garden at home.

Did he not deserve his name of little Marmot?

Such sleepiness can be overcome, though, if we will but try in right good earnest. "The more we sleep the more we want," is a true old saying.



## MOTHER WELL ONCE MORE.



**HERE** had been great trouble and anxiety in the house; the mother had been so very sick that it made every body about her feel thoughtful. The poor father went about silent and sad. At noon he sat quite sorrowful at the table,

for the mother's place was vacant, while she lay on the bed, and took nothing but medicine.

The father tried, at breakfast and at supper, to take mother's place, but he did all awkwardly, which she used to do so well, giving to some too much, and to others too little.

The poor children were very dull ; no one took such care that they were properly dressed and washed as their mother did. No one praised them when they had done well, and the servants treated them roughly and unkindly, as people who do not think much about children are apt to do. They were scolded when they did not deserve it, and praised when they

should have been blamed ; in short, they missed the love and order of their home ; and since their mother had been so ill, the children felt, for the first time, how good she was. When they thought how she might never be well again, their sadness was almost too much for them to bear.

Every day the doctor looked more anxious, and the father was more and more silent and sad.

But when the warm weather came, the sick mother began to feel better, and every day she was less and less ill, till at last, one bright spring day, when the sun shone down clear and bright, from his high blue heaven,

she dared to have her chair brought out into the garden, where the happy father, and the joyful little children gathered around her, with flowers and kisses.

From this time the children never forgot what a blessing their dear mother was ; how wise and happy, how good and kind a parent she was ; and now they feared more than ever to grieve or displease her, she might so easily be made sick again.





## MOTHER WELL ONCE MORE.



**FIRE!** Fire cried the watchman, late in the evening, with a loud shouting voice, through the streets, and every body was roused from sleep. In the house where Edwin and Emma's father lived, they were all awoke by

the noise. The father and mother partly dressed themselves, and looked out of the window. It was a cold, winter's night.

The father now looked at the sky, and saw that it was all red with fire-light. He quickly finished dressing, and told his wife to rouse the children and let them dress themselves, as no one could tell how far the fire might spread; for the river, and all the ponds and wells were frozen. Then he hurried out of the house, to help the distressed people.

The children now jumped up, and stood trembling in every limb, at the window. The fire was frightfully bright, and increased every moment.

Many people were running through the streets, though it was midnight. Bells rang in the steeples. The watchman cried "Fire! Fire!" In short, there was a terrible uproar in the town, and it came near being all burnt, there was such a want of water.

At last, the flames were conquered; some houses were pulled down, to stop the progress of the fire; but twelve large handsome buildings were burnt, and many people were hurt.

Do you know how this terrible fire began? Edwin and Emma were told by their father, when he came home next morning, that a little boy, the

evening before, had been playing with a candle, and a spark had fallen from it, which had fallen among some rubbish, and it had kept burning, till at midnight it blazed up, and set fire to the whole house ; and the people who lived in it, had scarcely time to save their lives.

After this, Edwin and Emma were very careful with fire, that no such misfortune might happen through their heedlessness.



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THE DOVES.

THE  
**TWO DOVES,**  
AND OTHER TALES.

A  
**STORY BOOK FOR HOLIDAY HOURS.**



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## THE TWO DOVES.



**WILL** now tell you a story about two good little children, Marian and Henry, who lived some time ago in Switzerland.

Marian was seven years old, and her little brother Henry was about five. They were the hope and

delight of their Mamma, who loved them with the most tender affection. These good children had always lived together, and so much pleasure did they take in each other's society that being together seemed their greatest happiness. Marian could not be happy an instant away from her brother ;—Henry was never more pleased than when with his sister. Whether walking in the fields, or at play in their little room, at meal times or at study, they always acted together, and this was partly the reason why they agreed so well. You would see Marian's large doll beside Henry's little soldier, and Henry's wooden horse close by the doll's cra-

dle. On the same chair would be lying together the doll's cap and the soldier's hat, a tiny parasol, and a little sword. So we may be quite sure that whatever belonged to one, was used to amuse the other, and that the hearts of Marian and Henry lived in unison. One day, a friend of their Mamma's sent them a present of a pair of Doves, beautifully white, except that their necks were encircled with a black ring. Henry and Marian could not make enough of these Doves. They were so tame, that they would perch on the children's heads, or their shoulders, or their arms, they would peck food from their hands and sometimes

even take it from their mouths. "Ah! you pretty birds," said Marian, "Nothing has ever pleased me so much."

"They are always together as we are, they love one another as much," said Henry.

"We will do as they do, Henry, we will always be together."

"Always, dearest sister," and the children embraced each other, while the Doves fluttered upon their shoulders seeming to feel as happy as the children were.

The birds were taken great care of in their little house, and became more and more beautiful, their feathers were white as snow, and they

strutted up and down seeming to be quite proud of their habitation ; they enjoyed their liberty very often, for Marian and Henry would open the door of their little house, and they would come out to be petted by the children, and would seem thankful for the good fortune that had placed them in such good hands. But their love to these birds gave rise to a little jealousy between Henry and Marian, they would talk about whose turn it was to open the door, and then about the right to feed them, or give them fresh water. Marian would say, laughingly, that they loved her brother more than herself; Henry would contradict that, and

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say that he was sure they liked his sister better. This little jealous feeling (as is often the case with much older people), turned out to be the cause of much unhappiness to these little ones. They became desirous that each Dove should have a separate house for itself. They made this wish known to their good Mamma, who without opposing or approving of their scheme, had two cages placed in Marian's room, and one day she went with her brother to decide which bird each should have, so they agreed that the door should be set open in the usual way, and that the bird which perched first on Marian's head or arm should belong to her,

and the other to Henry. This was soon done, and Marian's Dove was shut up in one cage, and Henry's dove in the other. The poor birds soon became sad and still, their beautiful white feathers turned to a dull yellow, they ceased to flap their wings, and their cooing was no more heard. The best of wheat and beans and the clearest water were given to them in abundance, but all were of no use; the doves could not endure being separated from each other. Each would sit on the highest perch in its house and long for the company of the other, or sometimes they would weary themselves with trying to get through the bars—and when

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quite tired out each would return to its solitary perch. Henry and Marian were very much afflicted at all this, and told their distress to their dear mother, who under the pretence that they might give more attention to the birds, proposed that each should have one in a separate room, and remain alone with it. The first day seemed rather long to the children, but those who watched over them, and delighted in seeing them together were desirous of giving them experience, and so they remained a second day, now this day was to both more dreary than the first, and on the third day they found it quite unbearable.

“No play,” said Henry, “Oh, this is very wearisome, I would give all my playthings to be a little while with my sister.”

“How can I,” said Marian, “live without my brother? without him there is no play, I cannot be happy away from him—without him I care for nothing; everything is tedious, I cannot bear it any longer.”

The truth is, they could not be happy away from each other, so they entreated their Mamma to allow them to be together again, as it was impossible for them to live separately.

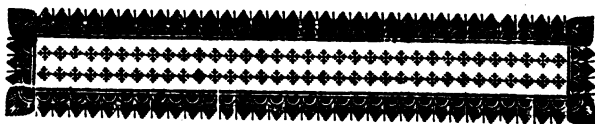
“So is it,” said their mother, “with your young doves! They came from the same nest, they have been

nourished and fed together, they are accustomed to live with one another, and they feel it as you yourselves do, a painful thing to be parted, and will soon die of grief."

At these words both the children started, and ran and released the prisoners. Out flew the doves, rejoicing in their liberty, and caressed each other with their beaks. They seemed by their cooing to thank those who had released them. They soon became as healthy as before, and their feathers, also, became as white as ever. Marian and Henry resolved never to separate them again, but to attend them as they did first; and the two cages were taken away.

“My dear children,” said their good mother to them, pressing them to her bosom; “you have now learned that the ties of relationship bind faster than chains; they give the greatest joy to our hearts, they are our greatest happiness; may you long love one another and be happy; forget not that in the palace or in the humble cottage, in the busy world, or the more retired life, the tongue speaks nothing more pleasing, and the ear hears nothing more sweet, than the endearing names—Brother and Sister; even with the oldest people it gives joy to remember when they lisped those words.

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## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.



DWARD was a very little boy, but not so silly or ignorant as to be afraid of the chimney-sweeps, because they had dark skins. He knew very well that they were men, like other men, and that the dirt on their clothes came from the soot in the chimneys which they



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had to clean ; and that on Sundays, when they could rest from their labor, they washed themselves with soap and water, and looked like other people.

One winter's morning, the sun shone brightly in the sky, but the frost was so very severe that all the people who had any warm cloaks and furs, put them all on ; and the ice on the ponds and rivers was very thick. Edward stood at the window of his mother's warm little parlor. There was such a large fire in the grate, that the frost on the window-panes had melted quite away, and Edward could look out into the street, where the air was very dif-

ferent from that in the warm little room, and all the people had red noses and ears, and scampered along quickly, to keep from freezing.

Edward's kind mother had given her little boy a bason-full of warm milk, and a fresh white roll with it, for his breakfast. He had taken it to a seat at the window, where he saw, on the roof of the opposite house, a poor little chimney-sweep, who looked no larger than himself. The little fellow had bare feet, and was dressed in an old thin shirt, with such a little black cap upon his head as chimney-sweeps always wear.

There stood the poor boy, in the grim cold, almost without clothes,

and on the dangerous slippery roof, where one wrong step must have thrown him off into the street, and perhaps have killed him.

It made little Edward shudder to see him; he put down his bread and milk, and stood still, looking so very sad that his mother wondered what could be the matter, and asked—

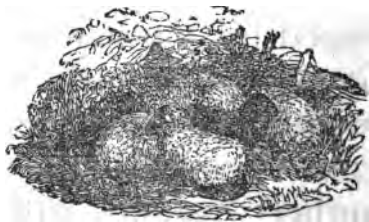
“What troubles you, my dear?”

“Oh! that poor chimney-sweep boy?” said Edward, pointing across the street, with tears in his eyes; and he begged his mother to let him call the boy down from the roof, and ask him to come into their warm room.

The mother was very willing, and

Edward gave the little chimney-sweep his roll and milk, made him warm himself at the fire, and his mother gave him a little present of some money besides.

Children, when you see such an unfortunate person, remember to thank your Heavenly Father for the good homes and kind parents he has given you ; but while you thank him, try, as little Edward did, to make them as happy as yourself.





## THE FISHER BOY.



RANCES and Henry went to walk with their mother, and once she led them by the sea-shore to an old farmhouse, which stood very pleasantly near the water. They all stopped to eat a little luncheon, and

to take some sheeps' milk, which was quite a novelty to the children.

Then they walked along close to the sea-shore, and saw the little white waves which the soft wind made all over it. The children sang a little song, and hopped, skipped, and jumped along, before their mother, hand in hand, while she looked with a glad heart on beautiful nature all around her, and on the dear children who made her so very happy with their kind, industrious, and honest dispositions. Walking and looking about, they came to the hut of a fisherman, who had built his house close to the water, that he might the more easily attend to his

business, and watch the wide nets, when they were all spread to catch the fish.

“Wait children,” said the mother, “I am going to call here, and ask if we can take a fish when we come back. Your dear old grandfather and grandmother will come to see us this evening, and I should like to have some good fish; fine fish are found here in the sea.”

With these words she stepped into the hut of the fisherman, and the children followed her. But they soon came out again to the doorway, for it was not only very disorderly inside, but there was also a smell quite disagreeable to them. So they

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left the door open that the fresh air might go in.

“Good day, ma’am,” said the mother to a fat slovenly woman, who sat smoking a pipe, “can I buy good fish here?”

“I do’nt know,” said the woman sulkily, “whether my boys will go a fishing to-day. I’ll ask them though. Eh! Joe! Jem! shall you fish to-day?”

“No,” was the short answer from the next room where the boys were.

“I am very sorry,” said the mother, “I want very much to have some fish to-day.”

“You hear they are not going,”

said the woman, "I can't make 'em go, they are too big for that."

"You must be getting rich," the mother remarked, "formerly you were glad to have a customer."

"Bless us! getting rich! often we are without even a bit of dry bread, and we can only afford to buy meat once in a great while!"

"And yet the sea is full of fish, and if you wished, you might easily live in a very comfortable way."

"Oh yes! very easily, if one loved labor," answered the woman.

The mother then took the children by the hand, and left the hut. Presently they met a poor but clean-

ly dressed little boy, who carried in a net some very good fish, which he had just caught, and asked the mother to buy. The bargain was soon made ; she gave him the money, and asked him to carry the fish to her house.

“ Thank God ! ” said the good boy as he took the money, “ mother and sisters will not go to bed hungry to-night ! ” and he bounded away with a bright happy face.

Does not the little boy please you much better than the sluttish woman with her lazy sons ?



## THE DAIRY-HOUSE.



HE next time that Henry and Frances took a walk, their mother went with them. All three were very merry, especially the mother, for her parents were making her a visit, and she wished to provide something

very nice for their supper. Their coming was always a festival.

They walked along the sea-shore for a mile or two, and came at length to the Dairy-House, which it was their mother's intention to visit. The house looked almost like a bird's nest under the trees, and nothing could be neater or more inviting. The windows shone like crystal, the front door was as green as emerald, and the walls inside were clean and white as the new-fallen snow.

Above, on the newly thatched roof, Sir Longlegs, the clapping stork, had established himself with his family ; and on the broad meadow

close by, many cows and sheep were feeding together on the rich high grass; while before the door, under the linden trees, stood a table with benches, scoured so white that they looked as if they had been just painted.

“It makes me feel happy to be here,” said the mother, “where all is so neat and orderly, we can enjoy ourselves without fear;” and so saying, she stepped into the house with the children. A beautiful cheerful little girl came to meet them, and asked what they would have.

“Some new milk, if you please,” answered the mother, “and some

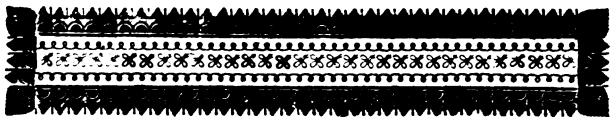
bread and butter also, if you can spare them to us.”

“Most willingly, was the friendly reply ; and in a few minutes the girl returned. She covered the table with a snow-white cloth, placed upon it the bowls of milk, each with a silver spoon in it, and the bread and butter. All was so nice, so beautifully clean, it was a pleasure to look at it.

While the children took their milk, their mother told them that the people who owned the Dairy-House had once been very poor, and lived in a miserable old cottage, which, with a few cows, was their whole property.

Several of the families who lived near by, bought milk and butter of them, and found it so very clean and nice, that they spoke of it to others, who afterwards bought of them also, till at length these neat people had so many customers, and received so much money, that they could buy this pleasant Dairy-House, with its rich meadow.

But it was now time for the children to go home, and bidding the dairy-maid "good bye," they thanked her for their pleasant supper, and went back by the sea-shore just at sun-set, to meet their grandfather and grandmother.



## CURIOSITY PUNISHED.



**BAD** guest had found his way into Mr. Richard's poultry yard, a guest who would probably carry something away with him. To such a visitor we commonly say, "walk out at the door," and so would Mr. Richards

have done long ago, only sly Reynard. did honor to his title, and had established himself so comfortably and quietly at the hen-house, that no one would have known he was there if, first, a poor hen, then a pigeon, then a chicken or two, and at last a fine fat goose had not, one by one, disappeared; for the robber had such a sly way of slipping out of sight, that no one ever saw him.

Mr, Richards did not like it much, and one day he complained about it to his neighbor.

“Oh! I can help you, sir, I have one of the very best of fox-traps, and you shall have the use of it; and I’ll warrant you will soon have

the pleasure of making Mr. Reynard's acquaintance ; only you must warn the children not to meddle with it, for such a trap is a very dangerous thing for young folks to play with.

Mr. Richards thanked him, took the trap home, and showed it to the children, telling them never to touch it, lest they should be hurt. Then he tied a dead hen upon the trap, and when evening came, he took it to the poultry yard, after all the fowls had gone to roost.

Among all Mr. Richards' children, none had so much curiosity as Maurice. He had to bear a good deal of joking about it from his sisters, who said that his ears stood

out in an inquisitive manner on his head, as if they were trying to listen; but this time he had to suffer rather severely for his curiosity.

The trap had been set about half an hour, and it became quite dark out of doors, when Maurice began to wonder whether the fox was already caught. He knew that the poultry yard was not yet fastened, so he slipped out of the room, and groped his way through the garden towards it. It was so dark that he could scarcely find his way. He could see or hear nothing of the fox, and was groping his way back, when suddenly something went "Klapp! Klapp!" and Maurice shrieked so

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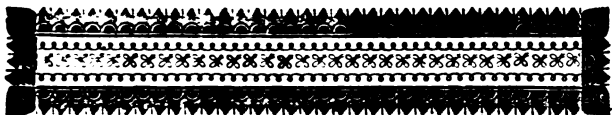
loud that everybody in the house heard, and ran with lamps and lanterns to the hen-house, expecting to find Mr. Reynard in the trap, but they found not the robber fox, but an inquisitive little boy's foot in a blue stocking and boot, while Maurice screamed as if all his teeth were being pulled out.

In the dark he had stepped right into the trap, which sprang, and his foot was caught, and held fast between two iron hoops with sharp teeth which pinched so hard that they almost took the flesh off.

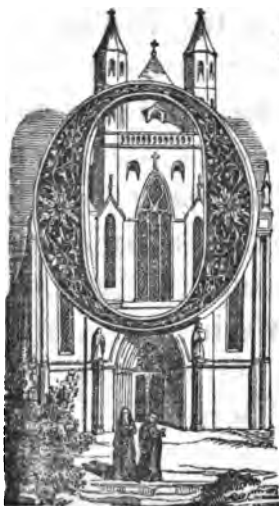
His father helped the curious little fellow out of his trouble, and sent for a surgeon, who bound up the

wound, and said Maurice could not feel thankful enough that the bone was not broken. But it was six weeks before he could run about again, it took so long for his foot to get well ; and in that time he had learned a pretty hard, though a very useful lesson.

After a few days the real fox was caught ; they did not send for a surgeon to him, but shot the robber ; and of his fur they made a nice muff for little Emmeline, which kept her little hands warm all winter.



## CRUEL JOHN.



LD clothes, clothes to sell," cried an old Jew through the streets. He was bent with years, his hair and beard were nearly as white as snow, and he carried on his back a bag, in which were all

kinds of second-hand clothing, which he bought from house to house, and sold again for a little higher price. Upon this small trade the old man contrived to support himself. That he laid up no savings was evident from his wasted form and thread-bare clothes; and oh, how sad it must have been for him, in his old age, to carry that bundle through the streets in all weathers, crying "clothes, any old clothes to sell."

One day in winter there came a dreadful storm of rain. In the street was a deep gutter, that was now running like a little river.

The poor old Jew could scarcely keep upon his feet, and was in danger

every minute, of slipping, and falling to the ground.

“Let us have some fun with this old man, and see if we can make him come to us through the gutter,” said John to his companions, who, with some other boys, was standing at a window looking out.

“Oh, don’t,” said the kind-hearted Edward, “he can scarcely stand now.”

“Pooh! he is only a Jew!” said the cruel John, and opening the window he called out, “here, old man, come here!”

The old man supposed that they had something in the house to give him, so he waded through the

gutter, and asked, while his voice trembled with cold and anxiety, "what do you want, gentlemen?"

"Nothing, you Jew!" said John, with a loud scornful laugh, "we only wanted to see if you could come through the gutter." And then he shut the window.

The old man said nothing, but his pale lips quivered with disappointment and grief.

"Would you like to have John for your brother or friend?"



## EDWARD.



**WOULD** you not rather have a brother like Edward, for when he saw the look that came over the old Jew's face, it touched his very heart, for it seemed as if he had taken part in John's shameful conduct.

Edward rushed from the window-seat, ran out of the room, down stairs, opened the door, and was soon at the side of the old Jew, who, not caring to go through the deep gutter again, still stood with difficulty, on the slippery footpath.

When the old man saw the boy come out of the house where he had been so badly treated, his limbs trembled with fear lest some new insult might be intended. "Perhaps," thought he, "this boy will throw me down."

"Good sir," said Edward, with a kind gentle voice, for he saw how the old man trembled, "good sir, fear nothing from me, it was not I

who insulted you. The walking is so slippery here, shall I help you along to a better place?" And he took the Jew's arm, and helped him carefully.

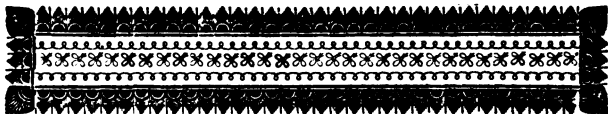
The old man was so moved by this little act of kindness, that for a few minutes he could not speak. Soon the tears began to run down his cheeks, while he said with a faltering voice, "may God bless you, my dear boy, may God bless you!"

Edward's tears came too, as he guided the old man through the streets till they reached the market, where he could walk, with more safety. Then dropping his arm, he said, "here the walking is better,

Sir, I wish you good morning," and sprang away without waiting for the old man's thanks. He returned to the house quickly, and taking his school-books, sat down to his studies.

"You behave yourself prettily, Edward, towards begging Jews!" said John scornfully. "You are a fine boy, truly!"

Edward said nothing, but quietly carried his books to another room, where he could study without being disturbed.



## A RIDDLE.



**ERDINAND** was very fond of puzzling his sisters now and then with a riddle. One day he ran into the room in great glee, and cried out, "whoever can guess what I am thinking of, shall have for a

prize this beautiful round ball, which mother has made out of bright-colored worsted.

I am a scarlet crown  
On a birdie's head,  
And there I shine  
Like the sun-set red.

With my tiny teeth,  
So sharp and good  
I smooth the tall forest  
And tangled wood.

"I don't understand the last part," said Gertude, who had listened with all her might, and wanted very much to have the ball.

"Oh, I know!" said Ferdinand, "you don't understand that word *smooth*. I put that in because I

could not think of any other word that would not spoil the measure of the verse. I might have said *level* or *even*; can't you think now what I meant by *smooth*?"

"Oh, yes! I understand that," said Gertude, "when Mary irons the clothes which have been washed, she makes them *smooth*."

"And the gardener, when he makes the garden flower-beds, makes them *smooth*," said Maria.

"Or the mason, when he spreads out the mortar with his trowel," said Alfred.

"Quite right! you know what I meant by *smooth*. Come, guess the riddle now said Ferdinand."

"Let us hear it once more," said they. He repeated it, and their little wits were still puzzled, but Gertude's most of all. She kept her eyes on the pretty ball in Ferdinand's hand; but the riddle was too hard.

Just then Frank, their little neighbor, came in, and they shared the riddle with him. After thinking a minute, the merry boy cried out "cluck! cluck! cluck-a-dah-cut!" and Ferdinand laughed. The other children only wondered the more, "Cluck! cluck! cluck-a-dah-cut!" the answer to the riddle! How strange! How could it be?

"Oh, I know," cried Gertude,

“the crown is the comb which the hen carries on her head, and the other comb is the hair-comb; and the ‘forest and tangled wood’ is men’s hair.”

“Very well, little sister,” said Ferdinand; “but the ball must be given to little Frank, for it was him that guessed the riddle first.”

“And I will give it Gertude, for she ought not to loose such a pretty prize,” interrupted Frank; “there dearie, it is yours.”

All praised Frank’s quick thoughts, and still more his generosity in giving up the beautiful ball to his little friend.

Frank was very much pleased too,

and he thought to himself “giving  
is better than taking or keeping.”





## THE CLUCKING HEN WITH HER CHICKENS.



UGUSTUS and Rosalie had the care of the well filled poultry yard, and in the morning, when they got up, their first work was to open the coops, in which there were hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, and call

cluck ! cluck ! cluck !” to gather them all round the basket, and then feed them well out of their little hands.

It was real pleasure to see the yard all covered with them, gobbling and clucking, and crowing, and busily picking up the corn that was thrown about ; and when Augustus did not throw it fast enough, flying up at his basket to pick it up out of that.

Rosalie’s favorite was a great black hen, which had the prettiest red comb on her head that ever was seen ; and about its neck a collar of golden feathers, that made it look very beautiful. Everybody admired it ; and, besides, it laid a great many

eggs, distinguished for their size. But Rosalie loved this hen dearly, because it was so tame, that when she called it, it would fly to her shoulder, and pick the corn out of her hand.

But this black hen had something new to interest her, for she had carefully brooded over a great many eggs, till now she marched about the yard with a whole army of little chickens, and nothing prettier could be seen. Rosalie, who loved her black pet now better than ever, called her with “cluck ! cluck ! cluck !” to give her some crumbs of bread which she had begged from her mother, but the only hen that refused to come at her call, was just this black hen. In-

stead of coming, she called her little chickens far away from the place where Rosalie stood.

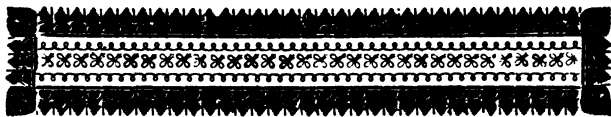
“ Oh ! the ungrateful thing ! ” said Rosalie ; “ it used to be so tame, and now it will not notice me. ” She stooped down to catch one of the chickens, but could not succeed very well, for the hen flew at her with a loud cry, and not only struck her with her wings, but pecked her with her strong sharp beak, so that Rosalie screamed, and ran to complain to her mother of the ingratitude of her hen.

“ She did nothing but what I would do if I thought any one was going to hurt you or your brother, ” said

Rosalie's mother. "God has given animals the tenderest love for their young, so that they defend them even if they put their own lives in danger. So you must not blame your hen, but rather admire God's wisdom in giving her such love ; for what would children, and all young helpless creatures do, if their parents loved them less ?"

Rosalie understood this, and was not angry again with her black hen, because she loved her own children so well.





## PHILIP AND ARTHUR.



H, Philip is a stupid fellow, father!" cried little Arthur, who had just been talking with Philip. "Only think! he is twelve years old now, and cannot read or write. I do not believe he can count."

“Very likely he cannot,” answered the father. “His parents are poor people, and he has not been able to go to school at all; for as soon as he grew large enough to take care of himself a little, he was sent, first to watch the pigs, then the sheep, and at last must take care of the cows, so as to earn something to help his father and mother. Now he is groom in the stable, and earns not only his food and his clothes, but some money besides, which he sends very regularly to his parents in the country, I have heard. Ignorant in many things, Philip may very possibly be; and I dare say he may never become a great scholar, but stupid he

certainly is not, my son. Those only are stupid who do not learn anything well, but Philip understands his business very well indeed. I like him much."

Arthur did not dispute this, but he still thought that Philip was stupid, to be twelve years old without knowing how to read and write, when he, only nine, had learned long ago.

The next day Philip brought out the grain, and spread it smoothly on the barn floor. Then he took the flail, and began to thresh it, and he did not strike himself once about the ears with the swinging flail, for he well knew how to handle it. Ar-

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thur thought this was easy enough ; and catching up the flail, he tried to thresh too ; but the first thing he did was to give himself a hard thump on the head.

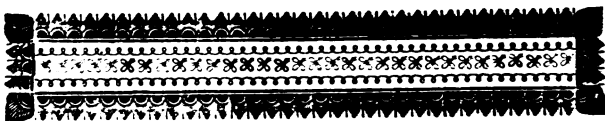
Another time Arthur saw Philip following the plough in the field. That, he thought, was easily done ; he could do that he knew ; Philip must let him take his place and try. But soon the boy who rode the horse called out “no, no, my little man, that will not do ! Give it up to Philip, he understands it better !” and Arthur walked away ashamed.

One other time, Philip was sifting some meal through a great sieve. Arthur thought he must do it also ;

but he took hold of the sieve so awkwardly, that he shook the fine meal over with the bran, and Philip said, laughing, “ my little man, you don’t understand that either.”

Then Arthur found that Philip was not so stupid as he fancied, for he knew how to do a great many things which Arthur knew nothing about.





## THE ANT-HOUSES.



ROBERT gave his cousin Richard, for a birth-day present, a nightingale, in a beautiful green cage, and told him to feed it with meal-worms and ants' eggs. The miller or the baker would supply him with the meal-worms, but the ants' eggs he

would be pretty sure to find in his father's garden. He would only have to put a flower-pot, or a little wooden tub, in some dry sunny place, and the ants would find their way under the edge and lay their eggs there, for they are always careful to put them where the rain cannot come.

Richard bought some meal-worms, but they cost almost all his pocket-money ; and he must set about finding the ants' eggs, which would cost him nothing. So he did as Robert had told him, and, to his great delight, he found when he took up the flower-pot, on the next day, that a whole colony of ants had crept under it ; for the earth was thrown up into

little heaps, and looked fine, as if it had been sifted. Some little ants were trotting about quickly, as if they were trying to find out what had happened to make it so suddenly light.

Richard took a stick, and stirred the earth a little, and found a great many little long white eggs lying about. He stretched out his hand to put the eggs into a little cup which he had brought with him, when to his great amazement, the little ants caught up the eggs in their mouths, and ran away with them.

When Richard saw the kind motherly care of the ants, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "No,

I cannot be so cruel as to trouble all these little creatures, just to make one happy ; and my little nightingale would like much better to sing in the cool green trees, than in his close prison of a cage, I will go and let him fly where he pleases.”

He did so, and oh ! how soon the nightingale darted off to the grove near by, where his song was heard for many a long summer’s evening after ; and how joyful too, Richard’s heart felt.





## PLEASURE OF GIVING UP.



MILY and her brother Alfred quarrelled with each other sometimes because both would have their own way, and neither would give up; and so they had many unhappy days, for nobody can be happy who does not live in peace.

Their mother had

often spoken to them about their quarrels, and told them that "the wisest always gave up."

Now it happened once that Alfred wanted to play at ball, but Emily wanted to dress her dear Fanny, her pretty doll, which was almost as large as herself. She said Fanny had been invited to a party, and must have on her best clothes.

But Alfred thought he could not possibly give up playing at ball, so he said, "Oh! Fanny need not go out to-day, she may stay at home and sleep in her cradle."

"You think so," said Emily, "but I think Fanny is not invited out every day, and she ought not to stay

at home. So you must help me to dress her."

"I won't," said Alfred fretfully.

"And I won't,"—play ball, Emily was going to say, but she remembered what her mother had said, and she put Fanny down, half-dressed, into the cradle, and said pleasantly, "He is wisest who gives up; come, Alfred, I will play ball with you, because you wish me to play.

"That's a dear Emily," said Alfred, happy, and half-ashamed, too. And they played at ball, and did not quarrel all that day.

The next morning Emily wanted to plant flowers in her little garden, for it had rained the night before,

and she knew it was the best time to plant flowers ; but Alfred wanted to make his little dog, Carlo, swim in the pond, and to have Emily look on and see him ; for when he had to see his dog play alone, it was not half so pleasant as when Emily stood by to laugh at his frolics.

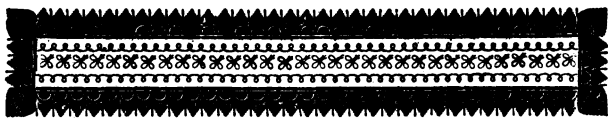
“No,” said Emily, “you must let Carlo swim alone to-day, for if I don’t plant these pretty flowers which the gardener has given me, they will all dry up and wither.”

“And I will help you, dear sister,” said Alfred. “Carlo can swim to-morrow afternoon after our lessons. You played with me yesterday, although you wanted to dress Fanny —

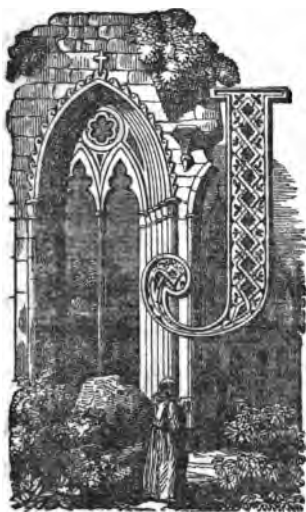
for company, but I won't be so selfish as to wish you to give up to me always." So he helped Emily, as if that were the thing he most wanted to do ; and Carlo did not swim that morning.

Now the children had learned the pleasure of giving up to each other, and of course, there were no more quarrels between them.





## THE LEAF.



ANE had a habit of breaking off leaves and flowers, as she went through the garden, and tearing them to pieces, and scattering the bits all along the pathway. Her mother spoke to her of this, telling her it was a

bad habit ; “ But, said Jane, “ what is the use of such a little mean thing as a leaf ? It might as well be destroyed as not.”

“ Do you call a leaf mean ? ” asked her mother. “ Why, my little girl, no man, if he study never so hard, and is never so skilful, can make anything half so beautiful or perfect as a leaf.”

Jane looked as if she did not understand ; but a few days after, her mother took her to a friend’s house, where there was an excellent little contrivance for making things look larger than they really are, called a microscope. This friend told Jane

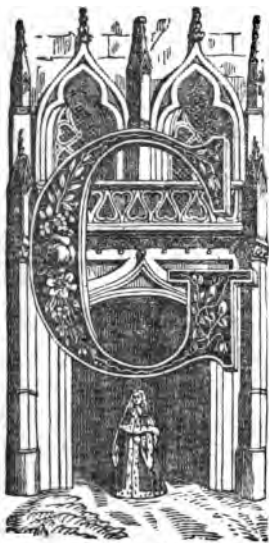
to bring a leaf, which he put under the microscope.

How astonished Jane was, at the wonderful things she saw. What a beautiful net-work of veins through which the life blood that nourished the leaf seemed to run ! What fine holes, through which it threw off part of the sap ; the friend called these pores. The leaf was all covered, too, with little bristles, and still finer hairs, as if for protection and clothing. Jane never again called a leaf, a “ mean thing.”

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## THE GRASSHOPPERS.



**GRASSHOPPERS** are very pretty little creatures, and children like dearly to watch them. First they are as green as the leaves, and afterwards they grow larger and browner. They make a chirping sound, by moving their feet against their sides,

which is very pleasant to hear. Children call it singing, but that is not quite the right name, because singing is done by the mouth. Men and birds sing, bees, flies, gnats, and other insects hum or buzz; this noise is made by the rapid motion of their wings; crickets, locusts, and grasshoppers make a shrill, trembling noise called chirping.

In the city where Henry lived, poor, little, ragged boys often went about the streets, each carrying on the end of a long stick, little houses made of bright colored paper, with glass windows, and calling out in a loud, clear voice, "Grasshoppers! Grasshoppers! A penny a house!"

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These little boys had been in the country, where there are a great many Grasshoppers by the sides of the roads, and in the fields, and had caught the little creatures among the grass on purpose to shut them up in these bright paper houses and sell them. In this way the poor little fellows made a good many pence.

Once, Henry's mother gave him some money to buy just such a plaything as he liked best. But he could not decide what he wanted most, and so nothing was bought. The money remained in his purse, because he wanted a large, handsome whip, or

a hoop, or a little toy-musket; one just as much as the other.

He was in a sad puzzle what to do, with his little treasure, when one day a poor little boy under the window cried, in a clear, sweet voice, "Who'll buy my Grasshoppers; Grasshoppers!"

"Mother, may I," asked Henry, as he looked earnestly round to his mother.

"Do as you like, dear," was the answer.

Henry sprang quickly out of the room, and called to the Grasshopper boy, "Here, here, Grasshoppers!" The boy came, and Henry bought four Grasshoppers in their houses.

His hands shook with delight, as he carried his treasure to his mother's room.

“What will you feed your dear little creatures with, that they may not die?” asked his mother, as she looked through the little glass windows and half opened the paper door, which was made so as to be opened or shut by a piece of string. “You had better give them some scrapings of carrot, and a bit of pear, for dinner,” said she, “for that is what they like.”

Henry did this, and waited with impatience for them to give him some grateful little song in return for all his trouble, and because he heard

nothing, he said, "the obstinate green people must have gone to sleep in their palaces."

The next day there was no chirping, and on the the third day it was no better, so that Henry began to feel disappointed, and very sad ; when, hark ! something chirped beautifully by the window. Where ? not on the floor ; not on the wall ; no, out on the tree which stood close by the open window.

"One of your prisoners has taken his liberty. Only look here Henry," said his mother.

Henry looked, and the Grasshopper's house was indeed empty. The little prisoner had luckily worked

his way out, and was singing his happiest song in the green linden tree.

“What makes him sing there, when the others do not sing at all?” asked Henry.

“He sings because he has found his freedom; and the others are silent for grief at their imprisonment.”

“So are they sad?” asked Henry, as he looked at the little prisoners thoughtfully, for a minute.

“Certainly they are,” answered Henry’s mother. “Every creature loves its freedom, and is sad when deprived of it.

Then Henry took the three other

Grasshoppers' houses, pulled their little doors wide open, and said "There, take your freedom, poor little things ; for I can't bear to see or to make any creature unhappy."

The mother kissed her good little Henry. The Grasshoppers jumped one after another across the floor, and out of the window, on to the great linden tree, where they sang, or chirped, so charmingly, that Henry felt glad with all his heart.





## THE BLACKBERRYING.



O you know the Blackberry, children? the pretty black fruit, shaped almost like a tiny bunch of grapes.

Martin knew what Blackberries were, very well; and he liked them too. His parents were not rich, and had not

much money to spare for fruit ; so he was very happy when he had an opportunity to go into the fields, and gather berries. Martin was, on the whole, a very good boy. He was sometimes rather wild and forgetful, and this made sad things happen to him once in a while.

One morning, when there was to be no school, Martin sat at the door, eating his breakfast. He had on his best clothes—clean blue cloth jacket and trousers, which his parents had bought, by carefully saving their money, and going without a good many pleasures themselves.

“Will you go into the fields with me, and pick Blackberries ?” said his

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little neighbor, Maria. "Brother Stephen and I have asked father and mother to let us go, come with us, will you?"

Martin rushed into the house, and asked his mother, who gave him leave to go, "but take off your best clothes," said she, "and put on your old ones; for Blackberry bushes have a great many thorns, and you may easily tear them."

Martin, in his hurry, scarcely heard what his mother said; but snatched a basket from its peg, and scampered right out of the house. He was in such great haste, because he was afraid Maria and Stephen might go without him.

The three children went out of town, about half-a-mile, when they came to a place where there used to be a wood, but it had lately been cut down and there were a great many stumps, over which the Blackberry bushes had climbed. They were loaded with the ripe, rich fruit.

“Do you see? we have brought you to the right place,” boasted little Maria, and she began to fill her basket with the most beautiful fruit.

“Oh! this is splendid,” cried Martin, “if I had only brought a great basket, mother might have made some pies with Blackberries in them, and they are the best things!”

The children picked berries, and

were happy enough. Each one found a better and better place, calling the others to enjoy it with him. Martin's basket was filled to the brim already, and he had put a good many into his mouth besides.

As he was just going to leave off picking, because his basket was full, and would hold no more, he saw a great branch, hanging full of the best blackberries; only it was rather high up out of his reach. He did not stop to think, but bent one branch over another, and tried to climb up to that one on which the berries hung when he heard a noise—rish, rash! Martin looked round, to see what the noise was, and then he saw his

nice new trousers with two holes torn in them by the brambles ; large enough to put his hand through.

Now his pleasure was all over, he began to cry, "Oh! if I had only minded mother! what will she say?"

Martin suffered a good deal from this act of carelessness and inattention to his mother's directions ; and for a long time afterwards he had to wear patched clothes on Sundays.



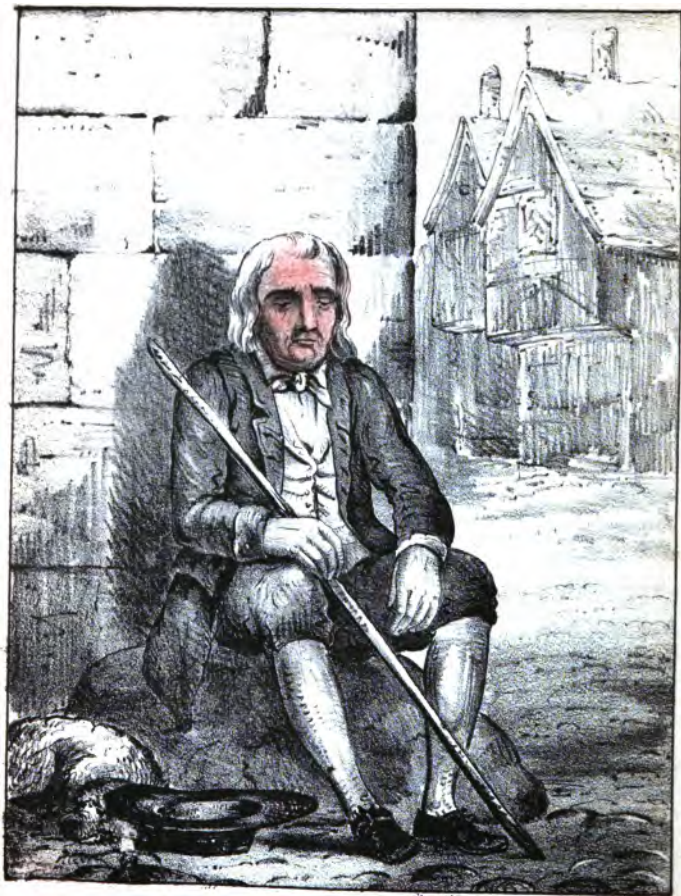
## THE BLIND MAN'S FRIEND.



**I**N a great city, in one of the principal streets, there sat, from early morning till night, a blind old man, and with him the only friend that he had, a little dog; but you would not soon have found another friend so

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**THE POOR OLD MAN.**

true and wise, as that little dog was.

As soon as a rich man, or a well-dressed woman, (the little dog knew very well how to distinguish them), came over the bridge at the end of the street, the dog jumped up and pulled his master gently by the coat, to draw his attention to the person. Then the blind man held out his hat, and said some words to ask for a gift, and the person who was passing by, often gave him some money. But if a man or woman poorly dressed, came over the bridge, the little dog did not move, for he knew from experience that such people did not give any thing.

If rude boys came near to the old man, to make sport of him, or take away his money, then the little friend defended his master, and growled, and barked, and bit, so that the boys in the streets knew what to expect, after they had tried it a few times; and learned not to trouble again the little Nero—for that was his name.

When dinner-time came, the blind man would take out a little piece of money, from his pocket, and putting it into Nero's mouth, say to him, "Nero, bring the dinner;" and Nero would run off as fast as he could. Before long, he would come back, bringing the dinner in a little basket; and no matter how nicely it

smelt, he never touched it, but waited till his master gave him a piece.

Often the people would stop to admire the blind man's good little friend, and everybody would have been glad to have such a one himself.

When the evening came, and the blind man must go home, then Nero let him put a cord round his neck, and led him home as safely as if he had been a man ; and if a cart or a carriage came along, he would bark, to warn his master of his danger.

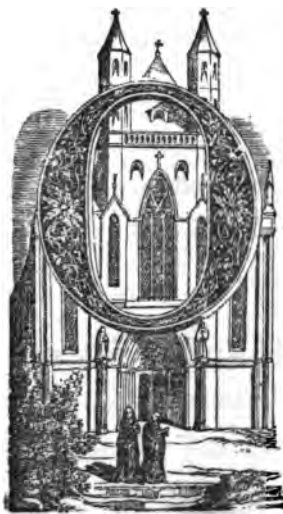
At last the blind man died ; and Nero was so unhappy that he refused to eat or drink anything ; and in a little while he, too, laid down and died.

Was he not a true friend, though  
he was only a dog?





## ANOTHER RIDDLE.



NE winter evening,  
when it was very  
cold out of doors, so  
that people had to  
wrap themselves up  
in furs and great  
coats, to keep from  
freezing, some child-  
ren sat with their  
mother at a round  
table near the fire.

They were talking of riddles, and begged their mother to make one for them. She thought a minute ; then she said ;—

Two little windows, without glass,  
Through which there may be seen !  
The wide, wide sky, the hills and trees,  
River and meadow green.

The largest and the smallest things,  
Through these black windows peep ;  
And the snows and stars of winter bright.  
Shine through their arches deep.

The children guessed and guessed,  
Frank and Maria mentioned a number of things which they thought their mother might mean by the

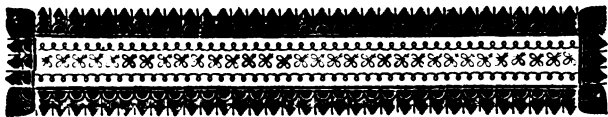
little black windows, but they could not guess right. Lydia had not yet said anything, but still kept thinking. At length a pleasant smile came upon her face, and pointing to her eyes, she said, "These, mother, are the windows without glass."

"Quite right," said her mother.

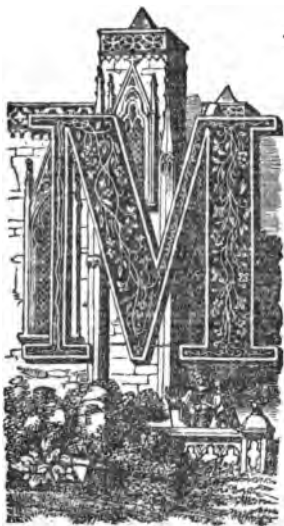
"But mother," said Frank, "Lydia has light blue eyes, and you said the windows were black."

"And so they are," answered his mother, "If you look in your sister's eye, you will see a round perfectly black spot, and it is through that she sees."

Frank looked, and was then quite satisfied with the riddle.



## THE PEN-KNIFE.



**ASTER** William had always a strange desire to do just the very thing he was told not to do, and this was the reason why he met with so many accidents.

One of the things that he most wanted to do, was to meddle with his father's

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THE PENKNIFE.

Pen-knife, which lay upon his writing-table, and William thought he should never want anything better to do all his life, if he could only make pens; it seemed to be such pretty work. But he knew nothing about it, and his father had often told him never to touch his knife, for it was very sharp.

Once, when his father was away on a journey, William had plenty of time and opportunity to try his skill in pen-making. There lay the Pen-knife, as usual, on his father's writing-table, and close by, a great bunch of quills, besides some pens which his father had made. William seated himself, proud as he could be, on his

father's stool ; and looked so ridiculously that you could not have helped laughing at him. He put on the great spectacles, so large that his eyes could only look through one glass at a time, pulled out a quill from the bundle, and began scraping and cutting it. But I can assure you he did not make a very good pen, for the silly boy did not know that a quill must be split to make a pen that will write, and so, instead of a pen, he made a toothpick, with a long sharp point.

After he had made enough of them, he wanted very much to try one, so he dipped it into the ink, and tried to write with it, but

he could not make a single letter, for his toothpick only spattered and scratched.

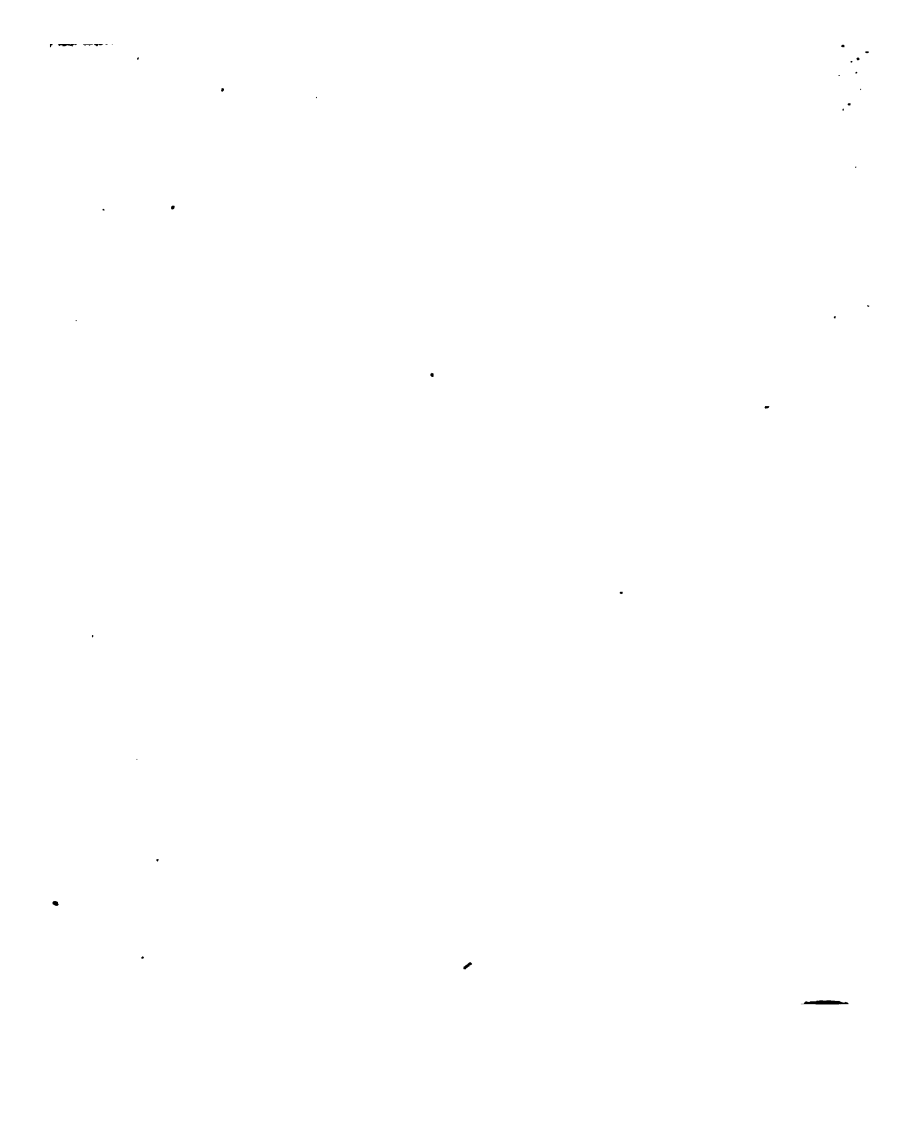
“I must cut it a little shorter,” said he; and taking up the Pen-knife, he began to cut; but, oh dear! instead of black ink, he saw red blood upon the pen; and instead of coming out of the inkstand, it came out of William’s thumb, which he cut nearly off. He ran crying to his mother, after having spoiled a great many of his father’s quills, blotted his paper, and hurt his own thumb very badly.

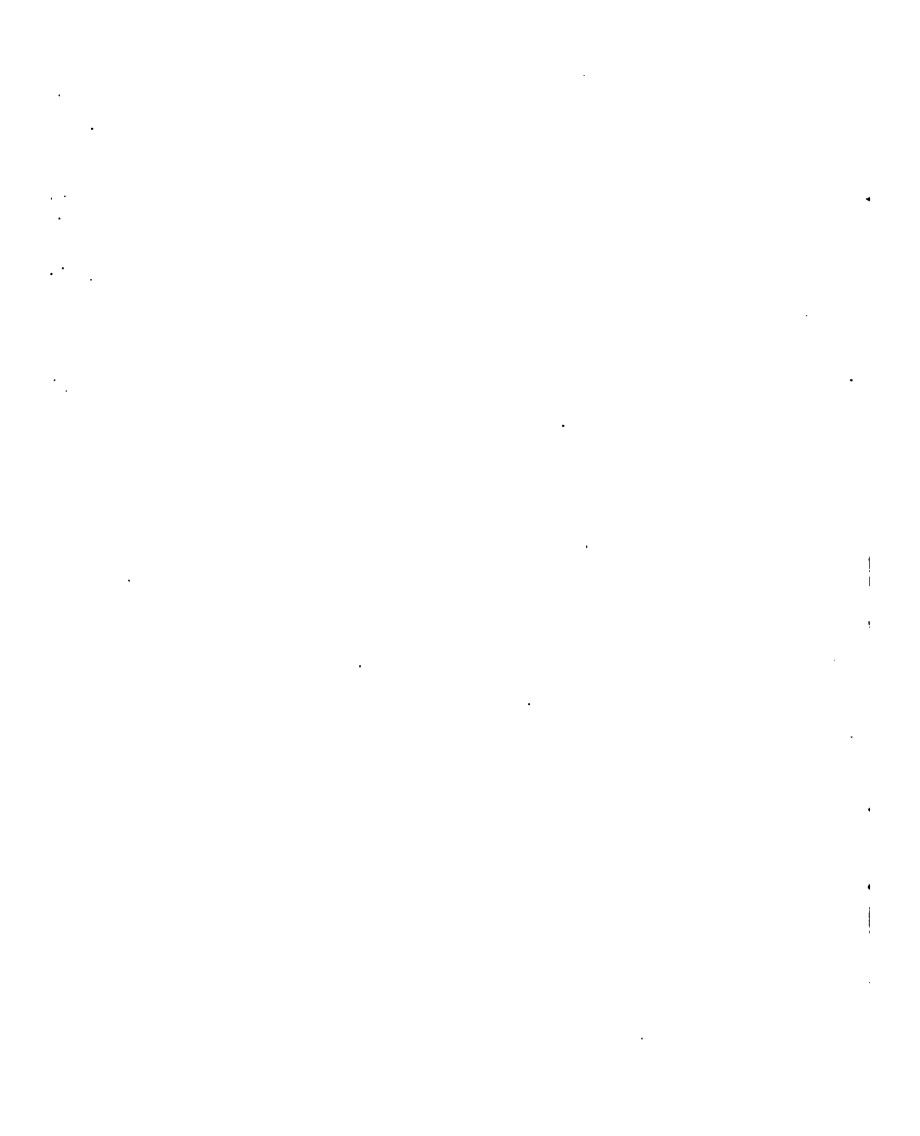
His mother told him, that all this trouble was the consequence of his disobedience; that the pain which

he would now have to suffer, perhaps for a long time, he had brought upon himself, by not regarding his father's commands; and that she hoped this sad experience would prove to be a valuable lesson to him.

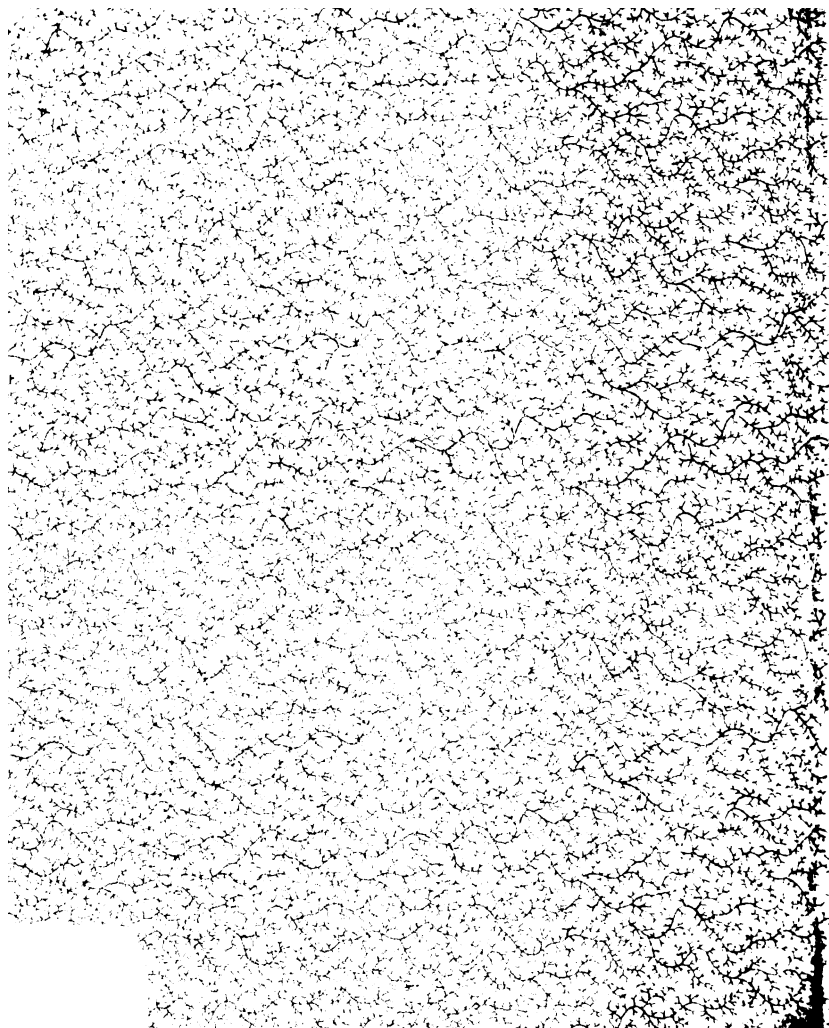


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